THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

BECAUSE there is such a widespread conviction in responsible quarters everywhere that war will break out between Russia and Japan this spring, we are devoting a leading editorial article to the subject. In a sense, it continues the series of five articles by the Editor that concluded in January with the warning that war with Japan might terminate Roosevelt's New Deal, just as war with Germany terminated Wilson's New Freedom. In point of fact and in opposition to the weight of expert opinion, we are inclined to question the likelihood of a Russo-Japanese War in 1934. This, however, is merely a guess, and because we cling to our opinion that a war of some kind will occur in the Pacific area during the next three years we humbly suggest a possible course of action that the Administration might pursue in order to prevent the United States from becoming involved. Our suggestions are purely tentative and may be quite impractical, but we have tried to hammer two points home: one, that the United States should get rid of its territories in the Far East just as soon as possible on any terms at all, and, two, that the productive power of this country should be fully released and such a high standard of living established that war will be revealed as the futile waste that it is.

THE first of our 'Notes from Everywhere' lampoons some of the devices that depression-crazed victims of the *status quo* have contrived in order to preserve an antiquated economic system after its machinery of production has undergone a revolution that could guarantee plenty and security to all. The article appeared in the highly respectable London *Economist*, and since that paper remains a stalwart champion of free trade and a foe of autarchy, or economic nationalism, all the ills of the world are attributed to high tariffs. From the lips of a revived Baron Münchhausen we learn of his visit to the strange land of Autarkistan, which combines all the disadvantages of the New World and the Old.

AT A time when the Spanish Socialists are threatening to join forces with the Anarcho-syndicalists and lead a bloody revolution in Spain, Miguel de Unamuno, the greatest living writer on the Iberian peninsula, analyzes the character of the Anarchist movement in Spain and comes to the conclusion that it includes a powerful dose of religious mysticism typical of the Spanish soul.

LAST summer we reprinted from the Laborite *Daily Herald* of London a brief article by a British psychoanalyst who detected in the leaders of the Nazi movement symptoms of paranoia, homosexuality, and the morphine habit. This month a contributor to the Conservative London *Spectator* attempts to psychoanalyze the whole of modern Germany and makes the interesting suggestion that all nations might be dissected in the same way. He comes to many of the same conclusions that the *Daily Herald* article expressed but closes on a note of hope.

THE revolt in Fukien province opposite the island of Formosa was crushed after H. R. Gola's article was written, but the incident is by no means closed. As we go to press, the Nationalist Government threatens to proceed against Canton, which maintained benevolent neutrality during the Fukien uprising and the Nineteenth Route Army is being reorganized. We commend Herr Gola's article not only as an excellent piece of timely reporting, written from the scene of action, but as an indication of the present disturbed condition of China. It is because such outbursts

(*Continued on page 94*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

R. PALME DUTT'S article on 'Britain and War' raises two points of special interest to American readers. First, Mr. Dutt presents the unconventional view that the primary aim of British foreign policy under the National Government is to create a vast coalition to attack the Soviet Union. He then argues that this coalition, headed by Great Britain, will finally come into conflict with the United States. His first contention finds support in the highest Moscow circles. On January 22 S. V. Kossior, a member of the inner Communist circle known as the Politbureau, of which Stalin is the secretary, delivered this categorical public statement: 'Especially strong are the preparations for an open attack upon the U. S. S. R. being carried on in the Far East by Japan and in the West by Germany. Of the two, the more dangerous at present is the Japanese provocation. We must be ready for their attack at any moment. Behind Germany and Japan stand the English imperialists, who to-day are the chief organizers of war against the Soviet Union.'

The tendency of British Conservatives to express sympathy for the Hitler régime has become increasingly marked in recent months. Whereas almost every newspaper in England was attacking the Nazi terror last spring when it seemed possible that Germany was headed for further revolution, to-day Lord Rothermere, of the *Daily Mail*, advocates outright Fascism for his countrymen, and other newspapers are discovering that Hitler is at least preferable to Communism. The British Foreign Office has been pursuing an openly pro-German policy in refusing to

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support the Dollfuss Government in Austria against the Nazis and in advocating German rearmament, including an army of 200,000 men.

Our article on 'The Fight for Oil' goes much further than Mr. Dutt in specifying the points of Anglo-American friction. Mr. Dutt's prophecies of a war between America and England are based, like our own leading article, on the theory that if Russia and Japan come to grips the United States may become involved on the Russian side. But there is also the point of view that rivalry for oil wells may alone prove sufficient to bring America and England into conflict. This opinion we find a trifle out of date, on the ground that new processes of obtaining oil from coal and other products are likely to make petroleum less worth fighting for. All too little is known of the wars that have been fought for oil, but it is probable that other issues will be at stake in the wars of the future.

SEVERAL INTERESTING REPORTS have just been made public concerning the population of England. During 1932 the population of England and Wales rose from 39,952,377 to 40,201,000. Marriages declined from 311,847 to 307,184; 3,894 divorces were granted—an increase of 130 over 1931. A larger proportion of males were born than in any of the previous ten years, the ratio being 1,059 to 1,000. Women, however, outnumber men on the voting lists by 13,999,604 to 12,440,109. Unemployment, as well as war, has left its mark on the British people. General Sir Cecil Romer has reported that 52 per cent of the men applying for enlistment in the army were rejected last year, and in the industrial northern districts, where unemployment is most marked, 68 per cent of the applicants failed to pass their physical examinations. The British Medical Association has reported that the dole money allowed for the purchase of food falls far short of buying as much nourishment as the army diet provides.

SPEAKING IN HIS PRIVATE CAPACITY as a distinguished scientist and not in his official position as chief research chemist of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., Dr. F. A. Freeth told a London audience that the dangers of gas warfare have been vastly exaggerated. He stated that the most deadly gases cannot be used in warfare, that completely defensive measures have made mustard gas, the one effective military gas, quite valueless, and that a hot bath offers almost complete immunity to attack. The really deadly gases are light, and consequently the atmosphere disperses them; the heavier gases do not spread rapidly. Carbon monoxide, for instance, does not produce fatal effects on Bond Street:—

> Take a narrow street like Bond Street during the crowded hours of the day. There is a very large quantity of really poisonous gas given off by buses and cars.

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> Why are there no casualties? The answer is simple, and that is nearly the whole text of my lecture to-night—because of the ventilating powers of the atmosphere. If you let loose carbon monoxide, in a very short space of time it would be knocked about and dispersed by the molecules of the air, which have, for practical purposes, the same molecular weight. That is why people are not killed in rows in Bond Street.

According to Dr. Freeth, the chief danger of chemical warfare is psychological, and if people can be persuaded to act coolly a gas attack need hold no terrors for the civilian population of a large city:—

> If you found yourself in a gas raid and could keep your head sufficiently to close your windows, put out your fire, and wait until the properly constituted authority had dispersed the gas, you would be reasonably safe. If you had no duty to perform and simply got into a hot bath, smoked a pipe, and laughed, you would be practically completely safe. Nothing would happen unless the enemy scored a direct hit on you.

TWO ARTICLES entitled 'Youth of France' in our January issue gave the real explanation of the recent bloodshed in Paris, which was primarily an outburst of discontent on the part of youthful extremists—some Communist, some Royalist, some Fascist—who, like the young people of so many countries, can find no place for themselves in the modern world. The Stavisky scandal that set off the explosion is merely one more indication of the political corruption that extends through almost every party: the Right-wing parties were as much discredited by the Oustric Bank failure when they were in power a few years ago as the Left-wing parties have now been discredited by the sale of Stavisky's fraudulent bonds. But the political corruption in the Government and the discontent of the young people of France are merely two indications of a basically unsound economic system. Since the War the French have lent large sums of money to their allies in eastern Europe and have developed a great colonial empire. Without the financial experience or industrial equipment that England possessed during the nineteenth century, the French have tried to become a world Power and failed. They did not invest their money abroad as wisely as the British did, and, when they accepted the raw materials of their empire duty-free as England once accepted raw materials from all over the world, they lacked the industrial equipment to turn these materials into manufactured goods. Whereas England deliberately ruined her declining agriculture in order to stimulate her rising industries, France, with a population that is 70 per cent agricultural, has been destroying her peasantry without being able to build up her industries proportionately. For many years to come the chief domestic task of French statesmanship will be to bring the peasant back into his own.

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As for the Doumergue Cabinet, its first effects will be felt abroad rather than at home. With André Tardieu a member of the Government, the Comité des Forges returns to political power, and the recent tendency of the Left-wing cabinets to turn toward Russia rather than Germany is likely to be reversed.

ACCORDING TO reliable reports, the Nazi terror continues unabated, though with increased secrecy. A special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* describes the beating administered to a musician who belonged to no trade union or political party but was arrested for distributing leaflets attacking the dictatorship. When the man was finally released after failing in an attempt to commit suicide, he reported that he had shared a cell with a Communist and a correspondent of a well-known Conservative German paper. In the cell opposite was an official of the Government Statistical Bureau, and he also made the acquaintance of a sixteen-year-old Jewish boy who was subjected to repeated tortures. The *New Statesman and Nation* translated a report by a prisoner in the Sonnenburg Concentration Camp, describing the life that some sixty thousand political prisoners now lead in Germany. Torture is a regular part of the daily routine, and many of the special punishments are too loathsome to be described. At times, the men were drilled so hard that as many as seventy per cent collapsed from exhaustion, and the brutalities of some of the Storm-Troop leaders have aroused disgust even among their own men. In the November elections prisoners were told that if the results were good they would be discharged, but that if they registered disapproval of the Government they would be subjected to terrible beatings. Of the eight hundred prisoners in Sonnenburg, fifty voted against the Government, fifty handed in defective ballots, the rest cast their votes in favor of Hitler. When one of the Storm Troopers reported while at home on leave that the prisoners in the Concentration Camps were to be gradually destroyed by hard treatment, he was summoned before the governor of the camp: he has not been heard from since. The other Storm Troopers believe he was murdered. Meanwhile, the Communists claim that their illegal publications now circulate more widely than their legal ones did under the Republic.

THE CONDITION of the German working class goes far toward explaining the intensification of the terror. Although the average hourly wage has fallen 20 per cent since 1931, the State now deducts 27 per cent of all wages to cover income tax and unemployment and sickness insurance payments as compared with 13 per cent in 1932. The purchasing power of wages has fallen, too, because prices of prime necessities have risen 10 per cent since April. A highly competent statistician reports

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that the average 'real wage' in Germany was 31 per cent lower in September, 1933, than it was in the year 1900, whereas in England, where working-class conditions are none too favorable, the real wage has declined only one per cent from the average that prevailed in the 1895–1903 period. The extent of unemployment cannot be measured so exactly. The Government claims a reduction of 2,300,000 from the figure of 6,047,000 a year ago. Since industrial output has increased but 12 per cent and output of consumption goods has increased but 8 per cent, this slight business revival cannot be solely responsible for a decrease of some 35 per cent in unemployment. The removal of domestic servants, farm laborers, and workers on river barges from the lists of the unemployed has helped to make the situation look more encouraging, and various 'make-work' schemes have provided about 800,000 jobs. The flight of 60,000 Jews and political refugees and the law forbidding the employment of married women whose husbands are working have probably removed about 250,000 job holders. It is therefore estimated that increasing business activity has not provided more than 500,000 new positions, and the State has compelled the employer to create many of these with the result that the working week and wages have had to be reduced. In short, the efforts of the Nazis to weather the depression have reduced millions of Germans to the worst conditions they have known since the War.

BUT THE TERROR is not the only weapon that the Third Reich has used to quell the rising discontent of the German working class. The Government has suddenly announced its new 'law for the regulation of national labor,' which will be promulgated on May 1 next, the day of German labor. Its five main divisions deal with the heads of concerns (Betriebsführer), the 'trustees of labor,' the 'social honor courts,' the regulation of wages, and the protection of the workman against dismissal. Each enterprise with over twenty employees will have a 'confidential council' with whom the employer will consult, and this council can summon the local trustees of labor, who will be appointed by districts—not industries—to adjust any differences. The 'courts of social honor' will consist of one representative of the employer, one workers' representative from the 'confidential council,' and one of the trustees of labor, who will summon the court together either on the appeal of the employees or of the employer. The courts will consider the complaints of dismissed workers, of workers who protest against working conditions, of employers who protest against provocative actions of their employees, and so forth. Every effort will be made to present the courts of social honor as instruments of Socialism, and Dr. Goebbels has explained the gradual progress of the Government in this direction as follows:—

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> If one wants to catch mice one does not strike continuously but at intervals, otherwise the mice slink back into their holes. One strikes once, then comes a long pause, so that the mice may get cheeky again, and then, when they think they are safe, one hits a second time.

THE SPANISH PUBLIC, having given the Conservatives enough votes in the fall elections to bring a coalition government into office, now seems to be drifting to the Left again, notably in the recent Catalonian elections when the Conservative forces were defeated. Since then, Largo Caballero, the most popular Socialist leader, told a trade-union meeting in Madrid that the masses must now be prepared 'morally and materially' for revolution, and voices cried, 'Long live the machine-guns,' alluding to the guns that the Socialists have been smuggling into the country as well as to the supplies they have received from the army as a result of their propaganda work in that quarter. The Republican *Sol* of Madrid has commented as follows: 'The atmosphere is laden with hostilities, jealousies, difficulties, and contradictions. Nobody is content, and there is an unusual amount of pessimism. The air is thick with it.' Elsewhere in this issue, Miguel de Unamuno describes the element of religious fanaticism that is latent in the Anarcho-syndicalist movement in Spain but that has not yet made much progress among the Socialists. It seems, however, that conditions are changing, for the Socialists are now said to be planning a sanguinary revolt in the provinces and a general strike in Madrid to begin some time in February.

IN RUMANIA a virtual state of war exists between France, on the one hand, and Italy and Germany, on the other. Foreign Minister Titulescu, leader of the Liberal Party to which the assassinated Premier Duca belonged, has always worked closely with the French Foreign Office, whereas General Codreanu, head of the Fascist Iron Guard, has been in touch with Hitler since 1930 and has received money from Germany. Last autumn, when a leading Italian Fascist named Coselschi addressed a meeting of the Iron Guard, the French woke up and took notice. Shortly afterward the pro-French Liberal party won an overwhelming victory in an election of unparalleled brutality and corruption, and the Iron Guard expressed the anger of many Rumanians by murdering the victorious Premier. Again the French launched a counter-attack, and Titulescu demanded the dismissal of the pro-German court camarilla, but the Hohenzollern King Carol removed only two of its six members. The Bucharest correspondent of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* describes the present condition of Rumania as follows:—

> A wave of Fascism is spreading over Southeastern Europe and has been strengthened by the events of last year in Germany. Fascism, with its nationalist

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roots, has found an ally in anti-Semitism. Spoken and written attacks on the Jews that shamefully abuse freedom of the press and freedom of speech are political caviar to the people, especially with Rumania in its present condition, and one cannot deny that the leaders of Right-wing radicalism have made use of demagogic methods. Consider these elements. There is the intellectual proletariat in the cities. There are masses of small peasants who are receiving less and less each month for their agricultural products. All classes of people are in despair. In the villages, in the plains, but especially in the barren mountain districts that cannot support themselves, the bitterest misery cries out to the Heavens. The orators of Right-wing radical movements therefore have an easy time arousing the social unrest of impoverished, disillusioned people and fanning the flames of hatred. The Fascist movement has made great progress because Bucharest regarded it indifferently for too long a time. Ever since the victory of National Socialism in Germany, Rumania, like the rest of Southeastern Europe, has become split over the issue of Fascism.

THE AGREEMENT REACHED between India and Japan on January 3 to limit their exchanges of raw cotton and textiles places a feather in the cap of the Japanese industrialist. The Indians have consented to take 325 million yards of Japanese cotton piece goods for every million bales of cotton that Japan buys from India but have fixed a maximum quota of 400 million yards. In the year 1932–33 Japan exported 580 million yards of cotton textiles to India, but since the post-war average comes to only 113 million yards a year the new maximum quota represents an important advance. The 75 per cent duty imposed on Japanese textiles last June is to be reduced to the previous figure of 50 per cent, but the government of India is to take into consideration any further depreciation of the Japanese yen in fixing future rates. Both countries have made compromises, and there is still a market for 200 million yards of textiles for which British and Indian spinners will compete. But, in view of the fact that the Indian mills produced 3,170 million yards of textiles last year and that the total exports of Great Britain amounted to 597 million yards as compared with 3,104 millions in 1913–14, the British textile industry seems to have surrendered its former dominance in the Indian market to Japan. All of which throws some light on the righteous anti-Japanese outbursts of the *Manchester Guardian*, which is published in the capital of England's textile industry.

THE ALL-UNION Communist Party Congress that assembled in Moscow in late January and early February marked the beginning of a new stage in the development of the Russian Revolution. Nikolaus Basseches, who has been representing the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* in Moscow ever since 1920, describes the present state of affairs as follows:—

The Russian Revolution has been subject to the same historic laws that govern the development of all successful revolutions. The groups that made it want

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to stabilize the Revolution, they want to harvest the fruits of victory. Hence the intensification of the dictatorial principle, hence the hierarchical construction of the state apparatus, hence the virtual irremovability of the dictatorial Party leadership.

New Party regulations have been adopted making open discussion of controversial topics increasingly difficult. In the early stages of the Revolution 'Party democracy' was the order of the day, and Party Congresses used to be the scenes of lively differences of opinion. Formerly an industrial worker needed the support of only two Party members to qualify for membership; to-day he needs three; and representatives of other classes need five endorsements, one of which must come from a member of at least ten years' standing. The Communist Party, by its new regulations, will become a closed group of the population that will find most of its future recruits in the ranks of the growing associations of Communist youth.

The administration of the law has also been brought under the more direct control of the Party. Formerly justice was administered by a Central Control Commission on which no Party leader, no member of the Politbureau or of the Central Executive Committee could serve. To-day, the Commission of Party Control, presided over by the Secretary of the Party, has replaced the Central Control Commission. The organization of Communist Party cells has also been changed and is now conducted on a territorial and production basis only. A new class of Party 'sympathizers' has been legalized with all the duties but not all the rights of regular Party members. Thus the stage is set for the execution of the Second Five-year Plan, which will liquidate all the remnants of capitalist classes and extend the powers of the bureaucracy still further.

DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, when British industry led the world, British economists advocated free trade as the correct policy for all nations to pursue, since on that basis England had bought her raw materials in the cheapest market and had sold them to the world at large without encountering tariff restrictions. To-day, however, with many foreign industries able to produce goods more efficiently than England can, even such lifelong free traders as John Maynard Keynes have announced their conversion to protective tariffs. Because Japan is now able to undersell many other countries, its leaders are now preaching free trade just as vigorously as Cobden and Bright once did in England. Especially significant in this connection is the New Year greeting of Finance Minister Takahashi, who praises the achievements of his country's economic system as follows:—

Above all, we should, I believe, endeavor to make known the truth about Japan's economic power to all the world. Foreigners are generally unaware of the actual economic life of our nation and the real nature of our formidable economic strength. They attribute the cheapness of our export articles to the low standard of our living and the consequent low wages of our workers, and fail to take into account other more pertinent factors. Obviously, the mode of life of the Japa-

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nese is radically different from that of the European or the American. But is that difference a question of degree in living standard to be measured by any common yardstick? I seriously doubt it.

As a matter of fact, we discover here and there foreigners who truly know us and judge us fairly and correctly. These critics point to the unsurpassed industry of our people, rather than the comparatively low production cost, as the prime factor underlying our industrial supremacy and our commercial expansion. I can not but hope that the other nations will take into their cognizance our hard work and the constant efforts on our part toward the improvement in industrial organization and the methods and machinery of production. Nor can I urge too strongly upon them the importance of free exchange of goods between nations for their mutual good and prosperity as the *sine qua non* of any plan for surmounting the universal economic crisis that confronts the world to-day.

TWO MONTHS have passed since the Dalai Lama, the spiritual and temporal ruler of Tibet, passed away, and the fate of the country remains as mysterious as the Lama's death. As a correspondent of the London *Times* says, 'An integral part of the political machinery of Asia has given way.' Although Tibet officially belongs to the Chinese Republic, it has been a virtual British protectorate since Sir Francis Younghusband led an expedition to Lhasa in 1904 and signed a convention guaranteeing free passage of goods between India and Tibet and forbidding any foreign power to lease Tibetan territory. In 1910, the late Dalai Lama returned to his native country after five years of exile in China, and at the time of the Great War he had become so friendly toward Great Britain that he offered a thousand soldiers to fight on the Allied side. The question of his successor has therefore produced some alarm in British diplomatic circles. The Dalai Lama's political rival and spiritual superior—the Tashi Lama—has been living in China and may try to return. The Russians have always coveted Tibet since the time of the Tsars, and the Tibetans themselves have started an independence movement in the completely futile hope of shaking off any foreign influence—British, Russian, or Chinese. Since the Chinese and Russian Governments both have more serious problems elsewhere and since Tibet is one of the most important defensive outposts of the British Empire, the chances are that British influences will continue to predominate.

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Is an Asiatic war going to put Roosevelt in the same position that a European war placed Wilson? The Editor of THE LIVING AGE answers this question and suggests a possible course of action.

The Road Away *from* WAR

By THE EDITOR OF THE LIVING AGE

TWENTY years ago war in Europe confronted the Wilson Administration. To-day the danger of war in Asia confronts Franklin Roosevelt. The events of 1914 took Europe by surprise and the succeeding years brought more surprises still—the Russian Revolution, the German Republic, the break-up of Austria-Hungary, the decline of England. If the statesmen of Europe—even the statesmen of victorious France—had been able to foresee the consequences of their acts would they not have made different decisions? As for the President of the United States, who foresaw a world made safe for democracy, did he visualize as his ideal the world we live in to-day?

Perhaps the statesmen of Europe had no choice in the matter and knew enough to fear the worst. Wilson, on the other hand, three thousand miles from the battlefields of France and unhampered by any treaty obligations, could move more freely but knew so little of Europe that he placed extravagant hopes in the results of an Allied victory. Roosevelt's foreign policy may be more dependent on external factors than Wilson's was, but there can be no excuse to-day for ignorance in high places. Not only is the war danger in the Far East already clearly defined; some of its consequences can be anticipated in the light of what happened in Europe twenty years ago.

Soon after the turn of the century the battle lines in Europe had begun to take form and the Continent was dividing into two groups of hostile Powers. Two military autocracies—Germany and Austria-Hungary—controlled Central Europe; two democracies—England and France—controlled Western Europe and its seaboard. The latter group had also allied itself to the semi-colonial, semi-Asiatic Rus-

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sian Empire. Not only were the two groups administered differently—in Germany and Austria the army and the feudal nobility predominated, in England and France the industrialist and banker wielded greater power—their territorial ambitions conflicted. But it was not the custom of the time for diplomats or politicians to mention these subjects in public.

Similar rivalries exist in Asia to-day. Two nations—Japan and Russia—more radically different than the Allied Powers, on the one hand, and the Central Powers, on the other, are disputing certain stretches of territory, and a third nation—China—offers possibilities to each. Several European Powers—notably England and France—also have interests that are likely to be affected in China, India and Indo-China. But the official silence that concealed the war moves of the European diplomats before 1914 does not prevail in Russia or Japan. On January 27 Joseph Stalin let fall this gentle hint before the All-Union Communist Party Congress: 'Those who have business relations with us will always find support in us, but those who attack us will get such a decisive blow in return that they will learn in the future to keep their swinish snouts out of our potato patch.'

On February 3, Klementi Voroshilov, Soviet Commissar for War and Marine, defined before the same Congress the war danger that Russia fears: 'It is now clear to all that Japan was the first nation to seek to issue from the depression by the aid of war. She has become the greatest purchaser of war material and of war industrial supplies in the world market and is simultaneously carrying on the political preparation of the country for a more serious war than she waged in China. This is clear to the non-militarist eye. Japanese military writers, soldiers, publicists, teachers, manufacturers, politicians, public and state officials in the last two years have written so much and so openly about the necessity of war with Russia, have so often discussed the details of the conquest of our maritime provinces, of Transbaikalia, and even of all Siberia that it would be strange if we did not appear to notice it or if we regarded our dear neighbor with as much confidence as before.'

And the Japanese have fully lived up to Voroshilov's opinion of them. They have steadfastly refused to sign a non-aggression pact with Russia and for the past two years have talked openly of war. On March 4, 1932, a spokesman of the Japanese War Ministry said, 'It is unnecessary to debate any longer upon the possibility of a war with the Soviet Union. Paramount in importance at present are a strong policy toward the U. S. S. R. and preparations for war at any moment.' In June of the next year, after negotiations for the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway had broken down, K. Otani, a high official of the Japanese-owned South Manchuria Railway, declared, 'The price of the Chinese Eastern Railway, which penetrates a corner of Manchukuo, will probably be paid in bloodshed only.' Finally, the promises made during January of this year by spokesmen of the Japanese Government to prohibit the publication of further material dealing with national defense and war were broken by early February.

The Knowledge and Culture Society of Tokyo has just issued two

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pamphlets that sell on all the newsstands for the equivalent of three cents a copy and that emphasize the danger of war with the United States and Russia. One of them, entitled *The 1936 Crises and the Standing Navies of Japan and America in the Event of a Japanese-American War*, contains this passage: 'America is now coveting China as a tremendous market for her merchandise. Before the World War the United States placed importance on the home market, but with the depression the American people have turned their eyes to non-industrial China.' The other pamphlet, entitled *The 1936 Crises and the Menace of Red Russia—If Russia and Japan Clash*, declares that 'Russia and America are going to strike at Japan' and that the present crisis 'cannot be tided over except by strengthening our national defense.'

Such outbursts naturally produce recriminations. When Foreign Minister Hirota told the Japanese Diet on January 24 that his Government was 'attempting to settle all differences with Russia,' Karl Radek, the foremost journalist in Russia, merely commented, 'The speech of the Japanese Foreign Minister signalizes no change for the better in Japanese foreign policy.' Nor was Radek alone in his suspicions. An editorial in the Laborite *Daily Herald* of London remarked, 'There is no room for doubt now of Japan's vast imperialist designs in Eastern Asia. Mr. Hirota's speech is an avowal and an announcement to the world at large of her intention on the pretext of "stabilization" to bring under her control the whole of China.'

Even the Conservative London *Times* foresees trouble, and its Tokyo correspondent finds the seat of the difficulty in Japan's increasing population. 'The pressure is already making itself felt, and the people have become so intoxicated with their rapid ascent in half a century that their leaders rightly fear the social consequences of a setback.' The *Week-end Review* of London, another Conservative organ, comments in the same vein: 'To-day a war for Japan is a policy of assurance against revolution.'

Behind all these statements lie concrete physical realities. Japan's population increased nearly a million during 1933, and two hundred and fifty thousand new jobs must be found each year for children already born as they reach the working age. Nor will the Japanese emigrate to the frozen plains of Manchuria. They prefer to stay at home manufacturing more goods every year and hope to ship them to a stabilized China in exchange for raw materials. Japan has the equipment to do the job; within five years it has become second only to the United States in the production of rayon, and in 1933, for the first time in history, its textile exports exceeded those of Great Britain.

While Japan has been capturing foreign markets, Russia has transformed itself into the second-largest producer of industrial goods in the world, and the second Five-year Plan calls for more miracles. Outer and Inner Mongolia and the province of Sin-Kiang have been drawn into the Russian sphere of economic and political influence, and in the province of Kiangsi about seventy-five million Chinese have established a Soviet Republic. However loose the political tie between Moscow and these Asiatic districts may be, the continued prog-

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ress of the Soviet Union cannot help aiding the progress of Communism in China, which France and England fear almost as much as Japan does. Finally, the Russians hope to complete this year the double-tracking of the Trans-siberian Railway. If, therefore, the Japanese strike at all, they must strike soon.

II

No historical parallel should be pushed too far, but in this case Asia to-day not only resembles Europe in 1914, it stands in much the same relationship to the United States as Europe did during the Great War. When Germany marched through Belgium we had no investments in Europe,—we were a debtor nation at the time,—and public sympathy was divided. But after two years we had acquired a tremendous vested interest in the Allied cause by supplying it with war materials, and public opinion was turning against Germany. To-day, in the Philippines, in Hawaii, and in our other Pacific possessions we already have a vested interest in the Far East, and thanks to certain newspapers public opinion is heavily weighted against Japan. Hence Roosevelt will enjoy much less freedom of action if war breaks out in Asia than Wilson did when war broke out in Europe.

Three forces drove us into the War on the side of the Allies—one material, one emotional, one moral. Allied orders for war materials had launched American industry on an unprecedented boom, but after two years and a half Allied credits were nearing exhaustion. In his recent book, *La Bataille de l'Or*, the French economist, Francis Delaisi, has stated that 'after the close of 1915, France had to pledge to New York all the gold that it had withdrawn from circulation and to use all its best French and foreign securities to pay its bills in America. The British Treasury, therefore, had to carry the whole burden alone, but it became exhausted, too, and in March, 1917, it could not meet a payment of fifty millions. In April, the United States happily entered the War.' M. Delaisi goes on to point out that from then on the American Treasury became the 'sole and unique' banker for the Allied cause and that American purchasers of Liberty and Victory Loan bonds gave American industry the wherewithal to continue and even to expand its operations.

By this time, two and a half years of propaganda had sold the Hun to the American public and given the man in the street something to hate and fear. Finally, the material interests of the bankers and industrialists and the emotional passions of the general public were sublimated in a moral crusade to make the world safe for democracy. In 1912 Wilson had been elected on a wave of reform that had been twenty years in gathering. But the preachers, professors, and reformers who had been celebrating the New Freedom in 1912 and had been chanting 'he kept us out of war' in 1916, by 1917 were beating the drum for the 'war to end war.' All the liberals and most of the radicals in the land joined battle for the self-determination of nations, a league to enforce peace, and the extension of American democracy to the ends of the earth.

The same three forces that brought the United States into the war against Germany are with us to-day, offering

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a way out of the depression. The potential markets of Russia and China as well as our Pacific possessions provide the economic motive. Since 1899 the United States has advocated the policy of the 'open door' in China—that is to say, a policy that permits American traders to compete on a footing of equality with the traders of other nations. It was in pursuance of this policy, recently crystallized in the Nine-Power Pact guaranteeing the territorial integrity of China, that Secretary Stimson protested Japan's invasion of Manchuria in 1931.

More recently, Russia's potential market has begun to attract American industrialists who cannot sell their goods profitably at home. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors, admits there may be difficulty about arranging for payment of exports to the Soviet Union, but he has hopes. 'If the proper plan can be worked out whereby Russia can buy substantial amounts of various kinds of materials and merchandise,' he has said, 'it would be highly desirable because Russia is in the market for capital goods that have been seriously deflated at the present moment.' Senator Brookhart goes still further. He believes that the United States can get half of the billion dollars' worth of orders that Litvinov told the London Economic Conference Russia would place abroad each year. 'It's a far better credit risk than Wall Street,' said the Senator, 'and the best credit risk in the world, other than the United States Government itself.' Incidentally Mr. Brookhart is too modest in his claims—Soviet gold rouble bonds have risen sixty per cent within the past year, in terms of dollars, while United States Government bonds have remained relatively constant.

One martial force only is still lacking—a high moral purpose. In 1917, Wilson urged his country to make the world safe for democracy. Will Mr. Roosevelt presently invite us to make the world safe for—well, not Communism, but at least the common man? Already we have been promised a New Deal corresponding to the New Freedom of twenty years ago. The liberals are back in the saddle again, a little more tough and disillusioned than they once were, more inclined to accept radical solutions, fully aware that the nation faces a far more serious domestic emergency than it did in 1912. But liberals they still remain, and if Wilson could pose as the champion of the democratic ideal, may it not be possible for Roosevelt, the friend of the 'forgotten man' and the enemy of the 'money changers,' to discover enough Communism in democracy or enough democracy in Communism to merge them into a single cause? Every move the President has taken has been toward the Left, and because he has not moved fast enough to satisfy some of his disgruntled supporters he may soon have to make up for lost time. What he might do in behalf of the forgotten man by confining his attention to the United States will be indicated later; the point is that a crusade in behalf of the two greatest popular governments in the world presents a way out of the depression, a crusade not only against Japanese militarism but against its probable ally—European imperialism. Does this sound fantastic? Let me recall the dinner given in honor of Maxim Litvinov in the Waldorf-Astoria on November 17. The band struck up

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the Soviet anthem, 'Rise ye children of starvation,' whereupon General W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, John W. Davis, Mr. Morgan's lawyer, S. Parker Gilbert, one of Mr. Morgan's partners, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of General Motors, Gerard Swope and Owen D. Young, of General Electric, stood at attention.

If the leading American financiers and industrialists discovered in King George V, King Victor Emmanuel II, King Albert of Belgium, and the deposed Tsar Nicholas II protagonists of the American democratic ideal, cannot Stalin, Litvinov, Kalinin, and Molotov be pressed into the service of American democracy to-day? Between 1913 and 1916, Walter Hines Page, a representative liberal American of his day, found his spiritual fatherland in the home of the British aristocracy, and Mr. Page's enthusiasm spread to many of his contemporaries. To-day William C. Bullitt, an equally representative liberal of our own time, is assuming the same job in Moscow that Page undertook in London. Will Mr. Bullitt find his spiritual fatherland in the home of the Russian proletariat?

III

America and Russia, two self-contained subcontinents, have few points of friction, geographic or economic. To both countries war of any kind would be equally barren of benefit. No foreign power dreams of attacking the United States; Russia is less fortunate and is naturally trying to take out every possible insurance against Japanese aggression. But if America were to come to Russia's aid, they would confront a formidable coalition. The Russians fear British imperialism, and with reason, for if the United States entered an Asiatic war on the side of Russia, England would at once construe that move as a drive on her Far Eastern markets. And the other major Powers of Europe would be equally alarmed. The French have been building a railway from Indo-China into the neighboring Chinese province of Yünnan, and there is reason to believe that Germany will attack Russia from the west at the same time that Japan launches an attack from the east. The late William Martin, former foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève* and one of the best-informed journalists in the world, recently made a tour of the Far East and sounded this warning in the columns of the prudent *Spectator* of London: 'To-day the anti-Communist passion of the German National Socialists makes them the natural allies of all Russia's enemies. Japan has only to turn towards Berlin to find encouragement if not actual assistance. Has this community of interest already acquired the form of a positive alliance?' M. Martin answered this question in the negative, but, if the United States and Russia were to join forces against Japan, might not France and England support a German attack on Russia, partly in order to keep Germany out of mischief in Europe and partly in order to protect their own possessions in Asia? Only American neutrality would give the nations of Europe reason to hope that Russia would confine her attentions to Japan and leave their possessions and privileges in the Far East undamaged.

How can this neutrality be assured? The United States is now exposed to the danger of war on two fronts. Our

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foreign possessions and foreign trade have given us a stake in the Far East that will at once be threatened as soon as hostilities of any kind occur in that quarter. Meanwhile, the slow progress of recovery at home makes war itself an increasingly attractive alternative to depression. It is therefore none too soon to point out that for the United States war in Asia would be the Great War all over again, but on a larger, more dangerous scale, and that our domestic as well as our foreign policy should be determined accordingly.

Whether or not war breaks out between Russia and Japan this year, —and, in the opinion of the writer it will not,—whether or not the United States joins forces with Russia,—and this, too, is merely one hypothesis,— the fact remains that a disturbance of world proportions is now brewing in the Pacific. Two measures, each requiring incomparable boldness, might forestall disaster for America and perhaps for the whole world. Let President Roosevelt inform the League of Nations that to preserve peace in the Far East and to safeguard the well-being of one hundred and twenty million American citizens his Government is prepared to surrender to whatever countries the League Council may indicate all its island possessions in the Pacific, provided the members of the League will join the United States in declaring an embargo on shipping military supplies to any nation engaged in a Far Eastern war. At the same time, let the President declare to his own people that steps will at once be taken to provide every American citizen with a buying power equal to $5,000 a year.

Let me explain both steps. If we are still in possession of the Philippines and Hawaii when war breaks out, it will be only a question of time before our 'national honor' becomes involved. If we ship supplies to Russia, the Japanese Navy may play the same rôle that the German Navy did in the last war and force us to fight in behalf of the freedom of the seas. By offering the Philippines and Hawaii to the League we would give both Germany and Japan a strong motive to return to Geneva in the hope that they might receive the colonial territories they both want so much. As for the inhabitants of the various islands that would be affected, they cannot maintain their independence under any circumstances and would be no worse off under German or Japanese rule than under American. As for our own people, one hundred and twenty million of them would no longer be exposed to war by possessing a handful of remote islands. The American Navy could be drawn in along the Pacific coast, rendering us impregnable to attack in that quarter, and the present criminal expenditures of two hundred million dollars on more battleships could be halted at once and the money devoted to direct relief of the unemployed.

In refusing to ship war materials to Russia or Japan we should be performing as great a service to the people of both nations as to ourselves. Let Mr. Roosevelt go over the heads of the foreign statesmen and appeal directly to the common people of the world as Wilson did, and he will set in motion a powerful popular movement in behalf of a boycott of war. Japan, which now exports 60 per cent of its produce and imports all its basic raw materials, could not even consider attacking Russia and might be forced to con-

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sume at home some of the goods that are now being dumped in other countries at a terrific social cost to the Japanese workers.

IV

Are these the romantic suggestions of an irresponsible journalist? Let us consider for a moment the course now being pursued by responsible parties. Our present commerce and possessions in the Far East expose us to a danger out of all proportion to their value. Not only is our entire Asiatic trade virtually negligible,—in 1931 our imports from Asia and Oceania amounted to less than six hundred million dollars and our exports came to slightly over four hundred and twenty-five million dollars,—Hawaii and the Philippines are equally unimportant—the total estimated value of the nine principal Philippine food crops in 1927 was $254,439,000, or 90 per cent of the total value of all agricultural products that year. Since Hawaiian exports for 1931 came to approximately one hundred and five million dollars, compared to a total of one hundred and twenty million dollars for the Philippines, the value of these two dependencies may be considered as approximately equal. When we recall that the national wealth of the United States was estimated at $361,837,000,000 by the National Industrial Conference Board in 1929 and the national income at $85,200,000,000, we begin to see our stake in the Pacific in its true proportions.

If the relinquishment of our Pacific possessions would remove several dangerous points of friction between ourselves and other countries, the declaration of a trade boycott on any nation that goes to war would promote peace elsewhere. But neither move would bring any positive benefits to the American people unless the Administration at the same time set in motion a plan to multiply the national buying power several times over. A year ago the Technocracy research group asserted that every individual in the United States could enjoy the equivalent of twenty thousand dollars a year if our present equipment were operated at maximum efficiency. Like every other basic statement made by Technocracy, this has never been refuted. Over a year ago, indeed, the American Society of Industrial Engineers issued a report that criticized the findings of Technocracy only on the ground that they did not go far enough. Professor A. A. Berle Jr., one of the President's close advisers, has also asserted categorically that if the United States Government, 'forgetting all about the Constitution, were to commandeer everything and everyone to-morrow afternoon,' it would be possible for 'pretty much everyone in the United States' to have 'in terms of goods and of services an income equivalent to somewhere in the vicinity of five thousand dollars a year—or, rather, equivalent to what a five-thousand-dollar-a-year income will buy right now.'

Two words in conclusion. The above proposals are offered by a friend, not an enemy, of the Soviet Union. Much as the United States and Russia have in common, little as they have in dispute, the two countries are several generations apart in their technological development, and the United States possesses natural resources that give it a permanent advantage besides. It would therefore be as dangerous for

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the Russians to ally themselves with a nation of such advanced technology as it would be for us to ally ourselves with a nation of such backward technology. Indeed, this is the lesson that both nations should have already learned from the last war when the Tsarist Government, through its alliance with France, became fatally involved in a conflict between more highly developed states. The American Government, on the other hand, erred in the opposite direction and joined a conflict between less highly developed states with the result that the progress Wilson had made toward securing a wider distribution of increasing wealth in the name of the New Freedom had to stop the moment war was declared. A Russo-American alliance to-day would repeat the same mistake that the two countries made twenty years ago, and a joint American-Russian crusade would necessarily be based on an idealistic internationalism just as unreal as Wilson's. In Europe, however, internationalism offers substantial benefits. Contiguous nations with complementary natural resources and equally advanced technology are rapidly discovering that economic nationalism has become an obstacle to economic progress and an impetus toward war.

Secondly, the two suggestions offered to promote peace must seem naïvely optimistic, even inconsistent, in the light of the dreary historical parallel that preceded them. Furthermore, a war between Japan and Russia would mean additional business for many American industries, which would be only too glad to ship supplies to both countries and finally to equip their own government if it became involved. But nothing is inevitable until it has happened, and President Roosevelt has shown more than once that he does not fear drastic unorthodox action when events call for it. Indeed, the record of his own Democratic Party as the leader of lost causes ought to incline him once again to take the unorthodox path. By following that path to the end he has the chance of succeeding where others have failed. By following the path of convention he has no chance at all.

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Here is an assortment of topical articles on war in the Far East, sex in Germany, anarchy in Spain (by Unamuno), and economic nationalism everywhere.

NOTES *from* Everywhere

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. MÜNCHHAUSEN TALKS AGAIN

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN refilled his glass and continued his story:—

It was many weeks, my friends, before I could find a captain who was prepared to accompany me on a journey to the island of Autarkistan. For a long time this island had had a peculiar fascination for me, but I had never before had an opportunity to visit it. It is situated in the middle of the great world ocean and is easy of access. Yet very few travelers have ever seen the place, for every foreign vessel that approaches its ports is immediately attacked.

Until a generation ago Autarkistan was a leading world commercial Power. Enormous wealth flowed there, year in, year out. Autark ships and Autark goods were to be met with in all parts of the world, and the best products of all countries found in Autarkistan a ready market. Then came the World War, which threw into confusion the old international economic system. In Autarkistan a nationalist movement sprang up with the stirring cry 'Autarkistan for the Autarks.' Rapidly gaining ground, it finally took complete control and reversed the whole economic policy of the country. Importation of foreign goods was forbidden and made punishable by death. Since that day Autarkistan has lived entirely on its own resources. So much, my friends, by way of introduction, and now I will tell you what I found in this strange land.

The journey to the shores of Autarkistan was accomplished without

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mishap. On the fourth day we sighted land. The sun was just rising and threw its first beams on a gigantic wall, which completely surrounded the island. But this wall was by no means the most striking thing that met my eyes. Far more impressive were the innumerable factory chimneys rising up towards Heaven from behind the wall and bearing in huge letters the inscription, 'Tohu-bohu,' which, being interpreted, means 'Buy Autarkist.'

But I had no chance of examining the coast in greater detail, for a small boat had already come up to our ship to ask what we wanted in Autarkistan. It was only after long and difficult negotiations that I was given special permission to land. But I might remain only one day, and that only on condition that I strictly observed all the country's customs and laws. I had hopes, however, that at the end of the day my leave might be extended, and I left the ship full of excited anticipation.

II

Our small boat quickly threaded its way across the harbor, which was apparently only used as a mooring place for rowing boats and in which there was no sign of life. In the middle stood a great monument. It was of a man standing in a ring and looking very like that old-world type, the stockbroker. My companions were horrified when I made no genuflection before it and explained that it was St. Bankruptius, the patron saint of the island. They told me that he was the God of Booms and that the Autark religion centred round him.

The most sacred precepts of this religion lay down that prices should be as high as possible—the ideal being when they all reach so high that no one can pay them—while wages are kept at the lowest possible level. This was the best way of furthering the economic interests of the country. If, as a result of the high prices, stocks of commodities accumulate, they are sacrificed to St. Bankruptius. They are therefore either burned at his feet or flung into the sea round the monument. [Brazil, Canada, Argentina, U. S. A.] And, in order to prevent the harbor from increasing the arable area in time, a very efficient system of dredging has been installed to bear the sacrificial goods straight out to sea. It is the pride of the whole country that it is able to sacrifice daily to its guardian deity thousands of tons of its best produce.

While still on the ship I had been struck by the curious appearance of the Autark officials. Although it was quite cold, their clothes were of paper. Moreover, they themselves were wasted to the bone. But as I approached the land what was my astonishment to see that everybody was dressed in these paper clothes.

Later I discovered the reason. Autarkistan has no textile raw material other than cotton, and owing to a certain discovery in the year 1933 this cotton is used not for human clothing but for road-making. [U. S. A.] I was told that there was a thick layer of cotton two feet below the surface of all Autarkistan roads, which makes them better for traveling. The story seemed to me crazy. But as I had promised to respect the customs of the country I held my peace. At any rate, the price of cotton had been driven so high by this queer practice that only a few of the richest

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inhabitants could afford to wear cotton clothes.

My attention was next caught by a loud and bellowing noise. Seeing my perplexity, the most friendly of the officials explained that the usual daily quota of cattle were being driven to the destructor, there to be converted into glue in a few moments. I was told that no less than fifty thousand healthy cattle, some even in calf, were turned into glue each month. [Holland and Denmark] 'But what can be done with all the glue?' I asked. 'What a question. Don't you know that for a mile round the island there runs a thick stratum of glue, which is to prevent any stranger from approaching the wall and climbing over it?'

I quickly discovered that only a narrow passage, a few yards wide, is left in this amazing 'defense,' and it was through this that we eventually entered. If a stranger attempts to penetrate at any other spot he sticks to the glue and starves miserably, like a fly on a flypaper. It is true that since the beginning of the Autark State no one has yet been caught in this way. But the defense of the realm is considered so important that the inhabitants willingly sacrifice fifty thousand head of cattle per month.

We had now reached the shore. I had not been able to get hold of any Autark money at home, because Autarkistan has no foreign trade. I at once went to the principal bank to change some bank notes. 'What are those little pictures?' demanded the cashier. 'They are not pictures,' I answered, 'they are bank notes, valuable bank notes, with one hundred per cent gold cover.'

My explanation, however, conveyed nothing to him. In Autarkistan they no longer need money such as he had heard of from stories of earlier times. Goods were exchanged against each other. And he advised me that if I wanted to buy anything I should offer my ring or my watch; at the same time he kindly warned me to be very careful lest the police should see me do it, for I might be condemned to death for importing foreign goods. I thanked him and went on my way.

As I came out of the bank a delicious smell of freshly roasted coffee rose to my nostrils, and I suddenly felt that I was ravenous. It was already past eleven, and in my impatience to be off I had omitted to breakfast on the ship. So I asked the nearest policeman where was the best place to drink coffee. '*Drink* coffee?' he repeated and looked at me as though I were out of my wits. 'Coffee is not for drinking. It is the best pig fodder but it can, of course, also be used to make gas fuel. [Brazil] But drinking—no. Not in Autarkistan. How could you, in any case? It is n't a liquid.' I saw that it was no use arguing the matter and only asked where the smell of fresh coffee came from. He pointed to the enormous chimneys that I had already noticed and said that it came from the factories of the National Recovery Industry of Autarkistan. They were always seeking some new way to use the products of the country there. At the moment, it appeared, they were burning coffee to heat great hothouses where they had been growing tropical fruits for some months. This was more than I could stand. 'But that must be incredibly expensive,' I said. 'Why don't you buy these fruits from countries where they grow out of doors and exchange the

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coffee you are now using to heat the forcing houses? That would certainly be much cheaper.' For a moment he stood speechless with horror. Then he curtly ordered me to follow him. At the nearest police station I learned I had broken the blasphemy laws of Autarkistan and was deserving of death. But as I was the first stranger who had visited the country for so many years, mercy was allowed to triumph over law. Any further stay on the island, however, was out of the question. My ship was to depart within an hour or I should be immolated in the glue belt.

I made for the harbor. On the way I noticed that outside the houses people were standing drinking out of cups and kissing the walls of the house between each sip. I supposed this to be some sort of cult but to make sure I asked a stranger. He told me that, by a discovery in 1933, the addition of sugar to cement made it harder, and now a large percentage of sugar was put into the cement used for house-building. [U. S. A.] This greatly increased the demand for sugar, and it had happily raised the price so much that it was too expensive for the poorer people to buy, so they licked their walls for sweetness.

This was the last straw, and I thankfully hastened away, for this madness in Autarkistan was getting on my nerves.

Münchhausen took a deep draught and was going on with his story when his friends stopped him and begged him to preserve a modicum of truth, protesting that he had never before lied as blatantly as that day. Münchhausen laughed bitterly. 'You think I have lied in telling you about life in Autarkistan? Sometimes, perhaps, I may have embellished my tales a little. But, believe me, my friends, to-day for once I have spoken nothing but the truth, and you disbelieve me!' With these words Münchhausen rose and sadly quitted the tavern.

II. Anarchy in Spain

By Miguel de Unamuno

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

I AM writing these words on a day when no morning paper has arrived so that nobody yet knows the fate of the so-called 'revolutionary Anarcho-syndicalist' outbreak. Strictly speaking, Anarchism and syndicalism have little in common, for complete anarchy does not tolerate syndicalization. Yet the outbreak deserves study and reflection, not because of its ideology but because of its psychology. It is not a body of ideas but something emotional and spiritual; whether it is good or bad does not concern us here. What have these fanatics, these possessed creatures got in mind? Most of them are young fellows. They set fire to shops without looting them, they burn down a paper factory, archives, churches, and monasteries, though they can gain no material advantage from this destruction. Women help them by handing out baskets of pistols and collecting them again.

The movement shows no indication

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of possessing any strong economic motive. Marx's well-known materialistic conception of history breaks down here. Rather do these activities bear the marks of a religious movement—religious in the widest sense. There is such a thing as a religion of atheism, which bears a resemblance to the terrible mediæval epidemics of demoniac mysticism. Are n't we beginning to recognize that at the bottom, at the very bottom, of Bolshevism and Fascism there are emotional elements that cannot be called economic but religious?

How different is the movement that people here in Spain call Socialism, the Socialism of the General Union of Workers with its offices, its conservative bureaucracy, its state protectionism, its mixed arbitration tribunals, its lawyers and experts in casuistry, its regimented strikes. The syndicalist doctrine of direct action, its repudiation of the state and the ballot—all these things give Anarcho-syndicalism a profoundly unpolitical character, quite apart from the contradiction involved in its name. Here is something that has no connection with politics and the civil community, here is something deeper, more primitive and fundamental, perhaps a counter attack, largely unconscious, against the civil community and hence against civilization. It is what was once called Nihilism in Russia, where it had religious roots. Therefore, all of us, apart from public officials whose task it is to suppress these outbreaks as far as possible and to preserve civilization and the historic civil community life, have the duty to trace to their depths the roots from which such a movement springs.

Perhaps it is some illness that civilization has suffered from ever since its birth, perhaps it is something deeply rooted in the consciousness of the community and society. In observing our civilization here in Spain and what is known as our individualism, one must remember that in Spain real Socialism never penetrated the soul of the people. Neither did the pedantry of Marx, whose attacks on Proudhon show what a pedant he was. Scientific Socialism never made headway; it is the Socialism of Proudhon, the noble Utopian, that appeals to us. Proudhon had a strong influence on Pi y Margall. At the time of the split between Marx, the pedantic German Jew, and Bakunin, the dreamy Russian nobleman, most of the Spanish delegates chose the side of the Russian Anarchist and dreamer. And who can forget the enormous success that Prince Kropotkin's *Fight for Bread*, one of the most widely read books in Spain, enjoyed here? On the other hand, who of us has read *Capital* by Karl Marx? Our so-called Marxists know it no better than our so-called Christians know the Holy Script. I remember poor Felipe Trigo, a novelist and a true Spaniard, who thought he had discovered an individualistic Socialism, or was it a Socialistic individualism? I don't know, and it makes no difference. It was here in Spain that a mystical writer, the Franciscan monk, Juan de los Angeles, gave the most spirited and powerful expression of religious individualism in the words, 'I for God and God for me and no one else.'

And although people do not still believe in God, or rather do not believe in believing, the spirit of this formula still lives in the breasts of our Anarchists. For Anarchists are

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essentially desperate people and desperation is peculiarly Spanish. Not without reason has our word *desesperado* entered into other European languages as 'desperado.' What does all this mean? It means that without neglecting to struggle against the exterior danger of revolutionary attack, all our collective soul must consider the position that is being attacked and either condemn it or support it. Who can say that what appears on the surface to be inexplicable fury in this burning of churches and monasteries and persecution of church dignitaries does not contain an element of despair? Is it a despair on the part of faith itself? It would not surprise me if I presently saw one of these incendiaries enter a monastery as a monk.

The Anarchists, the solitaries who go forward without a God, without a king, without a leader, resemble those other solitaries, the monks who built the cloisters. What is the F. A. I., the Anarchist association, but a spiritual monastery without any fixed abode? I know that many of my readers, most of them, in fact, will regard all these atrocities as another manifestation of the fanatic individual, but I insist that just as our bureaucratic, regimented, pedantic Socialism is nothing more than politics, and usually the most contemptible form of electioneering, parliamentary politics, so our Anarchism contains a basic element of religious despair, and this element can undergo surprising changes.

One condemns, as is natural and just, the external outbursts of this profound sense of despair, but one should not fail to reflect on this condition and to contemplate with respect and amazement the heroic efforts that it has produced. Let us not be too much carried away by the current banalities of social moralists who believe that their attacks on extremist doctrine will be of service to the commonwealth. I use this meaningless expression, 'extremist doctrine,' to conform to the general usage of the day, which I am constantly accused of violating in my writings. Furthermore, I believe that without this doctrine of Anarchist despair and without its accompanying belief and hope in the Utopian dream of a future Anarchist society, the soul of our people would have been lost. What is it that our nation lacks?

III. Sex and the New Germany

By Rodney Collin

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

"'Tis love that makes the world go round,' says folk-wisdom, and the Viennese psychologists have added a modern rider to the effect that 't is lack of it that spokes the wheels. Sexual inhibition and distortion are widely recognized as a root cause of individual vagaries. Even the possibility of sexual repression on a national scale, as in the England of 1850, is now acknowledged, and the important psychological effects thereof are being investigated. But a psychoanalytical interpretation of his-

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tory and politics, which should naturally follow from any acceptance of Freudianism, remains unwritten, save where such pioneers as Floyd Dell and John Langdon-Davies have begun to shed some little light.

To-day, the mind of Germany seems especially to cry for such treatment, and a tentative analysis of that nation should be useful not only for the immediate understanding of her problems but also to show the general tendency of our modern industrial system.

The healthy norm, in this connection, I take to be a satisfying and stimulating sex life for the majority of a nation's citizens, leading in most cases to permanent monogamous marriage with the responsibility of family. The fulfillment of these conditions tends toward peace, stability, thrift, wide distribution of private property, and the flowering of culture, which is possible only when primitive fears are allayed. Tolerance will be common, and bellicose sadism and religious or social fanaticism absent.

Now take the case of post-war Europe, and especially that of Germany. A four-year habit of segregation into masculine armies, on the one hand, and feminine home tenders, on the other, had instilled a homosexual tendency that a few years' physical license could hardly begin to mitigate. Several factors made the resumption of normal sexual relations in 1919 only apparent. The alleviation of war leaves had left a habit of regarding sex as an impermanent hunger demanding quick satisfaction. From abstinence men turned to promiscuity, notoriously a neurotic state. In addition, unemployment and the terror of it made them less willing to contemplate marriages that they might prove unable to support. The true goal of normality—love companionship and family—could never properly be reached.

In the German cities these tendencies were quickly exaggerated. The Teutons have always been given to military discipline, and discipline, being a standard product, is the recognized enemy of full heterosexuality, which is fundamentally individual. Admittedly, there was a post-war reaction, but it was to irresponsible sexuality and 'freedom' rather than toward the complete marriage ideal. The unofficial volunteer armies, the literary preoccupation with perversity, the notorious night clubs for men only, these straws showed how deep went the underground currents.

Finally came the depression of 1931, which condemned six million to unemployment and denied a quarter of the adult population its birthright of marriage and offspring. Men were sent apart into male labor camps, and the 'free' women, with their so shallow and incomplete experience, went back to the homes of their parents.

Sex starvation turned ugly and flamed into fanaticism, cruelty, and bitterness. Distorted sex showed itself in Jew baiting, persecution, ultra-Puritanism, and in such treatment as that meted to the Communist Deputy Frau Janowski, which is only explicable in terms of homosexual sadism. More innocuously, these frustrations were in many cases sublimated into extreme patriotism, loyalty, and a certain disciplined idealism.

Such a psychological revolution threw up representative leaders—Hitler, in whose life there has been no

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other woman but his mother, and Göring, the alleged drug addict, of whom one of his personal henchmen has said: 'The women all love him and he does n't remember them for an hour.' Here are two sexual abnormals —the one with a childhood fixation, the other with the arrested adolescence of a Casanova. Both are unable to conceive the normal ideal of full and equal heterosexual love and marriage, on which the stability and beauty of any cultured society ultimately depend. So Hitler with his back-to-the-home slogan endeavors to transform all German women to the mother of his ideal; while Göring, unfulfilled in private life, exercises a fanatical and compensatory blood lust in public. It is necessary to add that these distorted mentalities, though unfortunate, are not in themselves blameworthy: the tragedy lies in the power wielded by such abnormals over other and average people.

New Germany, then, is man's creation: the inspiration and influence of woman as companion is wholly lacking. 'Many thousands of the younger National Socialists,' says Ludwig Lewisohn, 'are in fact substituting love and loyalty toward male comrades and leaders for the love of woman, who is limited to breeding and caring for the very young.' Where woman is thus neglected, as during the Crusades, warriorship and the conqueror's courage will be exalted, while the things of the mind and spirit will be abased. Modern Germany is close to the state of Spartan Greece, where boys were segregated under soldier teachers and grew up in a military male companionship, until at middle age they should marry girl wives solely to perpetuate their race. This was once an ideal, but it is no longer that of the truly adult man.

Yet it is still possible that the seeds of psychological convalescence lie buried in the situation. In Italy Mussolini early recognized the danger and has attempted to enforce normality by mass methods. Hitler, by removing women from industry, is giving to men new fields of employment and a greater certainty of livelihood. With renewed opportunity and his direct encouragement, they are entering more easily into the permanent marriage relationship. In the long run, human instincts, however warped in a single generation, should find fulfillment and stability therein. In twenty years the psychological sickness of Germany may have given way to new health. The madness will then be passed.

IV. Fukien in Rebellion

By H. R. Gola

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

PERHAPS people still remember the fighting in Shanghai that attracted the attention of the world two years ago. Many reports were written at the time describing the Nineteenth Route Army. It stood and still stands to-day as the best and most militant regiment in China. The 'iron division' gave the invading Japanese plenty of trouble. If it had not been

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on guard perhaps the Japanese flag would be flying to-day over Shanghai and its surroundings.

Some weeks ago an urgent dispatch arrived at headquarters in Nanking. Tsai Ting-kai, General of the famous Nineteenth Army, begged urgently for ammunition supplies and pay for the troops. The army was on fire with eagerness to deal a decisive blow to China's hereditary enemy that had constantly prevented the country from uniting. Nanking was moved by this spontaneous enthusiasm, but the question of whom the army was going to be turned against, whether the Communists or the Japanese, remained unanswered. In any case, a victory would help the national government, which then found itself in a rather unfavorable position. An appropriation of five hundred thousand Mexican dollars was therefore granted, and warships with guns and enough munitions for sixty thousand men were sent to Foochow, the chief harbor in the province of Fukien.

There had been no significant Communist activity in this province, which lies opposite the Japanese island of Formosa. Japan maintained the usual garrison in Formosa and had only the usual number of battalions stationed there. Nanking therefore decided that the Nineteenth Route Army wished to attack the neighboring province of Kiangsi, which has always been a hotbed of Bolshevism and quietly prepared to dispatch three cruisers. The money was put on board under strict control and an informal meeting agreed to supply the sum demanded for several months to come in order to maintain the enthusiasm of the soldiers.

When the warships approached Foochow they were met near the little island of Tungkwan by a small motorboat with three pilots on board, who steered the cruiser into the harbor. On being asked by the Commander what this novel procedure meant, they mysteriously informed him that it had something to do with recent events. Commander Chen Ming-shu, who was in the harbor, would explain everything. The pilots also asked that the regular steersmen leave the navigation room. The mysterious innuendoes, the superiority of the land forces to the relatively small number of sailors, whose papers were all in good order, helped the men in charge of Foochow to accomplish their scheme. The flotilla presently steamed into the harbor of the provincial capital. The captains presented their reports to the officers that came out from shore and handed over their bills of lading and the eagerly awaited money. While they were awaiting further command from Chen Ming-shu after the goods had been unloaded, the word came that they would hold themselves subject to his orders. He then inspected the ships with a small guard of soldiers. The sailors were given shore leave.

The captains patiently awaited instructions from the provincial general. Three days passed and they had received no intimation of what their next move should be. They had informed Nanking by wireless that they had handed over the money and munitions. It was the last radiogram that the ships sent. The transmission sets were commandeered at Chen Ming-shu's orders.

Suddenly the rumor spread that Fukien was about to proclaim its inde-

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pendence. Simultaneously the commanders of the ships received further instructions. They would either support the new government or be shot. Flight was impossible, for they discovered that they were shut off from the open sea by a secret mine field. So that was what the pilots had been keeping under their hats. One of the captains believed he was being duped and took the next opportunity to steer his ship into the Strait of Formosa where it was blown sky-high. His vessel had hardly left the harbor when it ran into a mine, which tore away the forepart of the boat. When it turned to go back to port it was split amidships and drifted helplessly through the danger zone. The crew made their escape in boats and gladly followed the motorboat of the new government that had obligingly appeared carrying the red and blue flag and the five-pointed star of the new régime. The significance of this flag was explained to them on their way. Every point in the star represented one of the classes in the new state—the merchant, the worker, the soldier, the peasant, and the youth.

II

Tsai Ting-kai, Chen Ming-shu, and former Foreign Minister Eugene Chen had gained their first and most important objective. They had money, guns, and munitions as well as two warships in a safe harbor. This was just what they expected. Nanking had promptly swallowed their story and had given its unexpected enemy good equipment of its own. The best army in the country was now in the hostile camp. The cleverest brains in the government had assumed political leadership. China's most famous strategist had lent his name to the enterprise. Nanking was knocked stiff. Its Foreign Minister declared war on the men who had hitherto been its most loyal generals. Hurried meetings arrived at quick decisions only to change their minds. The offices of the Nineteenth Route Army were closed,—for every army has a kind of office in Nanking where its papers and money are kept,—but all the vaults and drawers were empty. Thereupon General Tsai Ting-kai ordered the banks in Fukien to hold all the government funds and to issue money only on receipt of a signed order from him. And there was no small sum of money in these banks. The taxes had been collected and the pay for the government officials had just arrived.

Notices were spread throughout the larger cities in Fukien, and in the villages the elders assembled the people about them. A new independent government was proclaimed with a completely different system. It was made up of bourgeois Communists. Each man could retain his own property if he would remain in the country and develop it. Even the man who had nothing was to become rich, for the land was to be divided equally. The province has 117,000 square kilometres and 14,300,000 inhabitants. There was to be a bit of land for everybody. Foreign countries would help, too, and had already given three million dollars for arms. This figure was correct, since a certain group of Japanese had handed over that amount to support the Fukien government in proclaiming its independence of China. The populace, including the well-to-do, was delighted. Even the rich had been tempted to lend

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their support. It is true that their enterprises would be conducted under state supervision, but they would continue to make a profit. Only the parasites were to be expelled.

But it presently became clear what was meant by parasite. Everyone who had more than a certain income was taken in custody. His property was sequestered and disappeared. Anyone who was affected by these measures could leave the country, but he could take only twenty dollars with him. He was also obliged not to return and to agree to file no claim for the remainder of his property. If a picture of Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Chinese Republic, was found in any house that was sufficient ground for the state to expropriate everything in the vicinity. This naturally included the entire house; its owner went to prison. A proclamation stated that anyone who wanted to be sure of retaining possession of his metal money should deposit it with the government commissary, who would give a receipt stating that it was valid and inviolable. The receipt took the form of a stamp that devaluated the note on which it was printed by twenty per cent. When the first news of this practice spread it was all up with nationalism. Then came still another order: the old notes and the old paper currency were valueless unless they bore the stamp of the new régime.

Exchange without money then began. No one wanted to give money, no one wanted to receive it. Some people did not know how long the government would last, others were afraid to take stamped paper. The books of every enterprise were filled with small sums that had been written down to denote 'credit extended for daily needs.' Larger transactions were settled in notes 'payable in Shanghai,' for money had not been devaluated there. The consequence was that in the big cities like Foochow, Amoy, and Chuanchow, shops closed because credit could not be extended indefinitely. Business came to a complete standstill because the rebels had ordered that all houses and shops should be decked with flags. Anyone whose shop did not display the new flag was arrested as an enemy of the government. Little flags could be purchased from party members of the anti-Nanking group. They cost two dollars apiece. One could get a paper flag the size of a newspaper for a lower price.

The city dwellers survived these measures, but conditions grew more tense in the interior. Peasants, coolies, and wandering groups of Communists had read the proclamations but had not understood them. Everyone thought he had a right to seize whatever he wanted and exercised his right, gun in hand. That was his duty, according to the pronouncement. A popular state had been founded based on the right of the people; and the people had to defend these rights. The coolie therefore attacked the peasant, who, in turn, resisted soldiers making requisitions. Everything reminiscent of the Nanking Government was destroyed, laid aside, or reduced.

Then, a new form of business appeared. The mountain people guided fugitives over the passes into the neighboring provinces for large sums of money. Ocean routes had been closed because the new party had commandeered all vessels and one could travel only along the provincial

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coast with special papers and under special guard. The sailors looked mistrustfully about them and felt revolvers pressed against the backs of their necks as they were shown the way. The fishermen, the best in China, no longer dared go to sea: they ventured out of the harbor only behind the government boat. The sea was dotted with mines that prevented foreign ships from gaining admittance. Before darkness fell everyone had to return to land. In the night no ship dared put to sea. It would be shot without warning.

The leaders of the movement justified their attitude toward Nanking on the ground that the men in power there were undependable. They referred to the innumerable unfulfilled promises, the secret agreements that individuals had made to promote their own advantages and the widespread unrest in the army. The last mentioned point was probably the most important. No government has ever been able to refuse to pay its soldiers and keep their loyalty. More and more revolts and uprisings were going on, pay had not been forthcoming for months, and the troops lacked the bare necessities of life. Nanking's policy in the Manchukuo affair was also attacked, and the present ruler was denounced as cowardly and weak. Instead of uniting China, which was his real task, he had let the great rich country disintegrate more and more for purely personal reasons. It was from Fukien that the movement to unite all the provinces would come.

Slogans, orations, appeals to personal interests—this was the kind of talk that the new agitators spread throughout the land. Automobiles carried them from place to place. The announcement that one of the new men had arrived served as a signal for a holiday. All work stopped. The masses thronged to hear the speaker who would finally tell them truth and lead them into the future. The speakers were well educated. They were Chinese, most of whom had been to England, Russia, or America, and in the months since their return to China they had made themselves familiar with local conditions. The new men had thought out their appeal thoroughly, and, so far as one could judge, their methods proved successful.

III

After its first fears Nanking finally came to itself. What available troops it had were sent to the border of the neighboring provinces. Then, negotiations started. First of all Nanking turned to the soldiers, not the leaders, of the Nineteenth Route Army. All the old unfulfilled promises were repeated—promises of pay and promises to dismiss unpopular officers. In order to strengthen the finances the salt tax was raised, and a hitherto unprecedented inheritance tax was imposed. The leaders were promised immunity if they would give up their activities. But the rebels stood firm, and then Nanking let gun fire speak. Telegrams were sent to every possible city warning foreigners to leave the province within twenty-four hours. After this interval their security could not be guaranteed. The foreigners fled head over heels. Many Chinese went with them. Men who had formerly been merchants and important officials passed themselves off as servants of the white men. This was the only way for a native to escape from this war-

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infested territory. The Japanese alone remained in the coastal cities, for their warships were lying nearby at Formosa with full steam up, waiting for an excuse to intervene in Fukien. After the twenty-four-hour period had elapsed, the first bombs began bursting in the little villages in the interior near the border. All foreigners except a few missionaries had departed. A few explosions were enough to reduce the old houses to ruins. The signal had been given, and the people of Fukien fell upon all representatives of the Nanking Government who had not yet fled.

Fraternal strife within the yellow race spread every day. Men and women were butchered. Old men and children were killed because they or their relatives had been supporters of the Nanking Government. Most of the victims were innocent and were chiefly eager for peace and the possibility of leading a halfway-normal life. A miniature war began. The fruitful hills became battlegrounds; the terraces of the rice fields, trenches. The bushes in the tea plantations were transformed into nests for snipers, and the junks of the fishermen became mine layers. The first week claimed two thousand victims. In order to ensnare the Nanking Government's army the rebels withdrew on both flanks and then suddenly poured out over the borders of Fukien. Both parties tried to seek support abroad. Russia sent four hundred officials to Fukien, promising arms and munitions. Nanking turned to Canton and proclaimed its readiness to forget its old contest for leadership if help could be provided from that quarter. On the sea lay big dreadnaughts from America, England, and Japan. In Indo-China French guns were turned toward China. The great Powers were waiting in the hope that a part of the eternally fighting Chinese Empire that they had always wanted would fall into their hands.

V. Chinese Soldiers and Bandits

By O. D. Rusmussen

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

FIRST of all let me give you a picture of a Chinese soldier. One cannot generalize, of course, but he is usually a youngster. He looks sixteen, but is probably nineteen. His uniform, faded blue homespun, sometimes khaki, is ragged and patchy. He has a peaked cap on. In Manchuria he would wear a fur-lined hat, the big earflaps sticking out like horns. His trousers are tucked inside his socks, garters—if he has any—on the outside. He may have puttees, or cloth leggings. His cartridge belt is also made of cloth, for leather costs too much. He is holding a long Chinese-made Mauser rifle with a long thin bayonet fixed. The outside of the barrel is often brightly polished. If he is lucky, he may have leather shoes; if not, they are of cloth, or, in wet weather, of stiff raw hide with big hobnails. On his breast pocket is a dirty white tag, covered with Chinese writing giving his name, regiment, and so forth. And if he smiles—as he

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usually does—he reveals clean white teeth just as brightly polished as his rifle barrel.

II

China has had three distinct groups of soldiers since 1900—Manchu imperial troops, war-lord armies, and now Nationalists. The war lords themselves were mostly officers in the previous imperial troops, but their armies—two million or more—were mainly untrained peasants and laborers. After the Manchus abdicated in 1911, a republic was formed. The officers became ambitious. One of them tried to become Emperor. When he died, the rest started private civil wars to see who was top dog. They elected themselves 'field marshals'—two or three hundred of them—and in order to get money sold or put in pawn to foreign money lenders most of the nation's valuable resources. Each war lord in turn—as most of them told me in interviews—proclaimed himself the 'strong man' come to save China from ruin—and the other fellows.

They conscripted farmers, laborers, even children. One had a bodyguard of boys little bigger than their rifles. Whole armies lived in the railway trains. When the engines would no longer run from neglect, they often executed the unlucky drivers. A plague of locusts hardly describes them. They confiscated everything they could lay hands on—cattle, foodstuffs, carts—and paid for nothing. The soldiers were promised twopence a day and sixpence for battles, if they won. If they lost, the war lord usually decamped with the treasury. All they had left was a rifle and a healthy appetite. All they could do was to scrounge or to turn amateur 'bandit.' And yet they tried to go straight when they could. Deserted soldiers have tried to sell me their rifles and pistols for a couple of shillings, anything to get food and their fare back home.

I have seen sixty thousand go into action with no commissariat or support. Even the mules starved and chewed gaps in their railway wagons. The wounded were left forgotten to die of neglect in cattle trucks. Some of the war lords, at least, thought they were doing good. I remember a battle near Peking. One war lord's front line began to crack; then it rolled back with a rush. The war lord dashed up the road in his car to head them off. He stood there, like a modern King Canute, hands raised, pleading and cursing. But the yellow tide swept past him like a flood. Retreat does n't always mean panic. The Chinese is an individualist. He is brave but discreet. He has n't learned discipline as we know it. There are exceptions, of course, but he is liable to think a position is too hot and retire to a cooler one—orders or no orders. It has taken him a long time to forget his old-fashioned rules—one victory a day, no chasing a routed enemy, no night fighting or marches, and during battles one hour off for lunch. I suspect you are waiting to hear about those umbrellas. It is true: they always have them. They are cheaper than raincoats; they are made of oiled paper and cost a few pennies.

The Chinese soldier is best at guerrilla tactics, but that is not all. He is splendid in defensive sieges. Possibly it is a national habit. China has been defending herself for thousands of years against aggression,

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chiefly from Tartars and Mongols from the North. The Great Wall of China was the world's largest fortress. The soldier has enormous endurance; the words 'fatigue' and 'surrender' mean nothing to him. Even the latest example, the Nineteenth Route Army's magnificent stand against superior Japanese arms at Shanghai recently, was a defensive action.

The Chinese soldier has traditions of a sort, but no tattered pennants, medals, clasps. The trouble is that the Chinese of the better class still can't get it out of their heads that soldiers are 'hired assassins,' useful only for dirty work. Of course, they have legendary warriors, especially in their somewhat stereotyped stage characters. The stage warrior pulls ugly faces, looks cross-eyed, and hops about the stage with legs spread wide apart to represent riding on a horse. He whirls a flashing sword around his head or uses it for a skipping rope and brings down the house.

The soldier feels it is his prime duty to scare his enemies away and fight them only as a last resort. He likes big guns for their big noise. Even the war lords used to brag and threaten one another by telegram and sometimes announced great victories that never happened. Fictitious thousands were 'captured,' or 'killed,' merely by purchasing the enemy general's army. This idea of first kicking up a row might account for their poor marksmanship. I have seen them firing from the hip and letting off cannon at point blank on two or three occasions when I have passed through the lines. This may sound strange to you, but they often obligingly stopped a battle or took it around the corner, so that foreigners would n't be annoyed. The casualties after one day's bombardment were two peasants, a water buffalo, and some fowl. I remember, in 1913, three Chinese warships were shelling Lion Hill Fort at Nanking a couple of miles away. I was traveling on a Yangtze-River steamer, and our course was between the warships and the fort. I asked the British skipper if it would be safe to go on. He said, 'Why not? I 'm not going to stop my ship for any so-and-so Chinese war. Anyhow, the shells will pass over our heads.' As we steamed dead between them, I saw a puff from a ship, heard the shell go overhead, and watched it splash in the river, yards off the mark. We were lucky, because the next shell burst from the muzzle and sprayed the river with shot just behind us. This is why foreign residents are nervous. If fighting breaks out near the concessions—fortunately, not very frequently—spent shells and bullets drop in their back yards or knock corners off the buildings.

The Chinese guerrilla is good at smart ruses—such things as dressing as a beggar or farmer—and getting behind the enemy lines or into towns. In a battle that, by the way, stopped a war lord from becoming Emperor a rebel mob beat an army corps by exploding fireworks in petrol tins all night. This ruse wasted the army's ammunition. The rebels routed them at daybreak with real bullets.

The Weihaiwei Regiment, British-trained Chinese, did excellent service in the Boxer uprising. They proved how good the Chinese can be under proper discipline. The modern Nationalist troops with tanks, air, and chemical units are becoming, under European instructors, very useful forces. One picture will always stick

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in my mind. I was watching a defeated army retreat in trainloads through a junction. They were huddled in cattle trucks, wounded as well, some dying. They were ragged, caked in mud, and packed like sardines. I stood there fascinated as each wagon passed—wave after wave of chatter, garlic, and unwashed humanity. They were cooking meals over little charcoal braziers, eating and laughing as though they were on a picnic. It was not lack of imagination. They were from the farms—the same farmers I have seen go out in sampans and rafts, with their crops under ten to fifteen feet of flood water, and dive down, with a sickle in their hands and a rope around their waists, to save some of their crops. Submarine reaping requires courage.

III

As for bandits, I am afraid that term is used rather loosely. A so-called 'bandit' might have been a soldier yesterday and a farmer the day before. The world has too many fixed ideas. It pays too much attention to war lords and bandits and not enough to the pluck and decency of the millions. One can marvel, not at what the Chinese have not done, but that they have carried on despite drawbacks and done so much. Wealth has been concentrating in the new industrial cities, attracted or driven there by famines, wars, and Communism. Huge areas have been ruined by floods and droughts. Millions have lost their homes, farms, and incomes. Unemployment is serious; farmers who do carry on have to pay usurious interest on loans, often as much as 150 per cent.

I do not say that all banditry is their solution of the unemployment problem. But the Chinese are too fond of a reasonable family life to prefer scrounging about. If they could get work and a decent income, I believe most bandits—and soldiers—would put down their arms. Banditry and kidnapping are a mixture of political, economic, and just plain criminal influences. The ancient Chinese bandit was a Robin Hood, a secret enemy of government, a friend of the poorer people. Naturally, when hounded by troops he fought desperately for his life. For the past two years, leaderless ex-soldiers have become amateur bandits and overrun certain districts, especially Manchuria. There have been constant raids on Manchurian railways, and the continental express has been wrecked twice.

The real bandit—the Chinese call him Tu-fei—is a man with a deep grudge. When he kidnaps foreigners, it is usually, but not always, frankly to get money and, at the same time, to make it hot for some local official or embarrass the government with foreign nations. There was one called White Wolf. His name in Chinese—Pai Lan—was a bogy to rich gentry and soldiers alike. His charmed life was due to a wonderful, black, Arab-Mongol pony crossbreed. I had the good luck to ride it once after White Wolf was dead. I managed to stick on for some miles across the Kiukiang plains. It had a beautiful action but a mouth like cast iron.

Bandits are often incredibly cruel and sometimes childishly chivalrous. When they wrecked the Shanghai Express at Licheng,—not that Hollywood thing, by the way,—they forced foreign women in nightdresses to walk barefoot for miles. Later, when resting,

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they held up some bed sheets to form a dressing room so that the women could change clothes.

The armed robber of the cities with the latest foreign automatic is absolutely reckless. He followed the rich families there because 'pickings' were better and to 'get at' some of the notorious old war-lord officials, some of them not much better than himself. One of these armed robbers was gas-bombed for a day by the Shanghai foreign settlement police—a sort of Sidney Street affair. When they got him, he was already dead of loss of blood from a dozen bullet wounds. The Chinese would rather be killed than surrender. They differ in this and a number of ways from European or American bandits. They do not cover up their trails or lie low until things blow over. They follow up their luck, so to speak. They work the same district; they shoot at sight, when cornered, not just merely in self-defense. They will take any risk and rob for any amount—six million pounds or sixpence. But their ransoming and kidnapping technique is not very different. If crime were not such an ancient institution, one might think they copied talking pictures. Of course, in China kidnapping exploits the deep family ties, and they are reluctant, even more than Westerners are, to notify the police. Kidnapping is a capital offense, but it has been more effective to kidnap the bandits' own families, thus hoisting them with their own petard. The bandit is a good spender—easy come, easy go. He is liberal with his poor relatives and still poorer friends. Surrounded by their unnatural loyalty, he is hard to catch. The police are obliged most of the time to run him down red-handed. Banditry is a problem, no doubt more so because it is dramatic and gets big headlines. It is not anti-foreign; as a matter of fact, the bandit gets far more money from the Chinese and gets it quickly with no fuss. When political and economic problems are solved, China may automatically solve banditry. One can only wait and sympathize with a really courageous people in their present difficulties.

VI. The Case against Japan

By Josef Wechsberg

Translated from *Aufruf*, German Emigré Weekly, published in Prague

[*We have received a number of replies to the widely read article, 'The Case for Japan,' by the Japanese diplomat, Dr. Gerolf Coudenhove-Kalergi. We publish below Dr. Josef Wechsberg's exposition of the same subject. Dr. Wechsberg has made a tour of investigation through the Far East and has lately distinguished himself as a specialist on matters of foreign policy.*—Editor, '*Aufruf*.']

THE great problems of the Far East are no longer parts of an isolated Asiatic policy that bears no relation to Europe. Because of the innumerable interests of the white nations in eastern Asia, these problems have come to involve the destiny of Europe and America, and what happens out there is just as important to the New World and the Old as to Japan and

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China. Asia is no longer a world apart. England has suffered severely from Japanese competition in markets that she previously monopolized. America's interests conflict with those of Japan in the Pacific Ocean. The Russo-Japanese conflict is not confined to the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway. France must protect its colonial interests in Indo-China, and China, torn with inner dissensions, has become the centre of imperial annexationist activities, for the Great Powers of three continents believe China possesses huge possibilities for production and investment. There is no such thing as an Asiatic problem in the Far East to-day: there is only a world problem.

II

During the last seventy years, Japan has made such progress as no Western Power has ever equaled. Seventy years ago a nation shut off from the outer world and living on its islands under a feudal system, it has now become a world Power by the rapid annexations of Korea, Manchukuo, Mongolia, and Jehol.

Politics and economics go hand in hand. Japan's industrialization no longer meets with a patronizing smile: it now arouses terrified amazement. England and America have discovered that the huge markets of Asia have been taken away from them overnight. In 1931, Japanese exports averaged 95,600,000 yen a month; in 1933, 188,000,000 yen a month. Within two years exports of Japanese goods to South China trebled and exports to India and Oceania doubled. The basis of Japan's export offensive is well known: currency inflation, dumping, a ten- and twelve-hour day, starvation wages, low taxes, and subsidized exports.

The economic progress of the island empire requires explanation since it forms the basis of Japanese world policy. Japan does not hesitate to express its desire for peace at every official and unofficial opportunity, but the actions that follow these words speak another language and reveal the country's real political purpose. The national budget for 1934–35 almost equals that of 1921. At that time, a year before the Washington Conference, when Japan and the United States had not yet come to an understanding on their naval policy and Japan was building sixteen big battleships, expenditures for land armaments were as high as they are to-day. In the current year, army and navy expenditures, including the costs of the Manchurian campaign, amount to 821 million yen, and in the new budget this figure has been raised to 875 million, or two-thirds of the total national expenditures. At the same time, the Japanese Navy department has announced that by 1936 forty-three small and medium sized warships will be built at a cost of 431 million yen. When these ships are completed the Japanese Navy will be 73 per cent as large as the American. Japanese naval shipyards are working at top speed. Five submarines were launched a month ahead of schedule. More than thirty-five ships are being built for Brazil, Chile, and other Latin-American nations, and Japan could use these vessels herself in case of need. These figures do not speak the language of peace and dash European hopes for big military orders in the event of war in East Asia.

To-day Japan would no longer need

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to turn to European armament concerns for its equipment. According to the Japanese, their relations with China have improved. We are referred to the words of Foreign Minister Hirota who expressed his desire for peace in Tokyo, but we are not told that Sugimura, a leading politician, said shortly afterwards and just as officially that the time for a direct understanding with China had not yet arrived. The numerous visits of Japanese warships and military planes to China are not undertaken as gestures of friendship, nor is it a sign of good feeling when we read in the letter of a European living in Shanghai that four Japanese, four British, and four American warships are lying in the harbor, not to mention smaller Italian and French vessels. More and more people in Shanghai are saying that in spite of all denials Japan will presently transform its protectorate over Manchukuo into open annexation, and Japan's new military policy, which is supported by both the Minseito and Seiyukai parties, confirms these predictions.

The theoretical foundation for this radical course takes the form of a Japanese Monroe Doctrine—Asia for the Asiatics. This means that no one who is not himself an Asiatic has a right to mingle in Asiatic affairs. The advocates of a Japanese Monroe Doctrine explain that Japan occupies the same position toward the mainland that the United States does toward Latin America, since in both cases a powerful industrial country must supply itself with raw materials from the outlying agricultural nations. Would the United States stand by and do nothing if Europe were to interfere in the affairs of Paraguay, Bolivia, or Chile? Well, Manchukuo and China occupy the same relationship toward Japan. As the leading power in eastern Asia, Japan has a duty to police China, Manchuria, and the outlying districts, especially since it is a matter of life and death for Japan to control their resources.

Viscount Ishii, former Japanese delegate to the League of Nations, stated it in so many words: 'The boundaries of Korea and Manchuria we always consider our own boundaries, just as England regards the Dutch frontier as her own.' Kawakami, a leading Japanese publicist, goes even further: 'Japan has taken the field against Russia and protected China with her own resources and blood. That gives her a right to China.' Needless to say, Japan's Monroe Doctrine will experience the same fate that all great political ideas undergo. If there is enough force to carry it through it will become a recognized basis of international policy, just like America's Monroe Doctrine.

Seen in this light, the trouble over Manchukuo stands out as something more than a mere conflict. For one thing, it has cost almost a billion yen and about four thousand Japanese soldiers—the number of Chinese soldiers who were killed must have been much larger because of China's inferior equipment. Furthermore, during the budget year of 1934–35 a hundred and fifty million yen is set aside for Manchurian expenditures. Apparently, Manchukuo is not yet sufficiently consolidated to be able to get along without this support. The fact, however, that Japan must operate on two other fronts compels her to ignore the Chinese situation for the

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moment: the two fronts that are receiving the most frantic attention are Russia and the United States.

According to the Japanese version of Japanese-American relations, the fact that the Bonin Islands southeast of Japan are being made into the most modern kind of strategic naval base has no significance whatever. According to the Americans, the transformation of Corregidor Island into a first-class naval base also possesses no importance. Apparently, it meant nothing for the Japanese Naval Minister to declare when Japan left the League of Nations, 'We will continue in possession of the mandated islands in the Pacific Ocean even if we have to resort to force.' Perhaps later generations will have to find another name for the Pacific Ocean.

The situation on the Russian-Manchurian frontier appears equally disturbing. Why has Japan concentrated two divisions on the Russian border ever since the Manchurian campaign began? Why are there two divisions in Korea not far from Vladivostok, and, on the other hand, why have the Russians a whole army of tanks and airplanes ready for action on their border? And it was no accident that Molotov, a member of the topmost Soviet triumvirate, used threatening words against Japan on the same day that Roosevelt and Litvinov exchanged notes on the subject of recognition. Moreover, Japan has quietly found a new ally—Germany.

In Japan the word goes round: 'In 1936 Japan's critical time begins,' for in 1936 the Washington agreement terminates and the second Five-year Plan comes to an end. In 1936, China, which is now in a state of bitter civil war, will not be united and consolidated, and in 1936 the Western Powers and America will be better armed than they are to-day. Will world peace be able to withstand this strain?

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England's foremost Marxist declares that his country is headed for war, and the Conservative London *Observer* sees hope for Oswald Mosley's Fascists.

Reactionary ENGLAND

Two Extremist Views

I. Britain and War

By R. Palme Dutt

From the *Labour Monthly*, London Communist Monthly

WHAT is the line of British policy? Here we come to the crux of the international position and one of the most important driving forces of the future war. The sudden outburst of concerted propaganda from all governmental and high strategic quarters in Britain for the urgent necessity of a rapid large-scale advance in armaments in every field—naval, army, and air—has startled opinion. The Conservative Conference in October unanimously carried a resolution that, in the words of the *Times*, 'if literally interpreted, enjoins an immediate measure of rearmament by this country.' Baldwin declared to this Conference: 'If Britain found herself on some lower rating and some other country had higher figures, that country would have to come down and we would have to go up until equality was reached.'

The First Sea Lord, Admiral Chatfield, announced in October at the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield (that is, before the assembled armament makers): 'The nation must take stock of its defense position and consider whether in its present naval expenditure it is maintaining a naval strength in accordance with its policy.'

Earl Beatty underlined this at the Navy League dinner: 'This country must never again bind itself to any such unsafe limit [the London Naval

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Treaty] but must as before build the cruisers needed for the exceptional responsibilities we have on the seven seas.'

At the end of November came the government's announcement of the urgent necessity to increase the air force by at least ten squadrons and build upwards to the level of the strongest existing air force. This demand is also actively taken up and echoed and reinforced throughout the press. Did the government demand ten new squadrons? The press replies: let there be a hundred. On December 3, the *Observer* said: 'We require not another hundred machines but a thousand. We need one hundred squadrons—something more than double our existing strength. That is the new "irreducible minimum."' The principal leader of the opposition at the Geneva Conference to all proposals for the abolition of aërial warfare and air bombing was Britain.

At the same time Britain has given active support to the German claim for rearming. This has been the central thread of the Geneva 'Disarmament' Conference since its outset at the beginning of 1932, when we had occasion to write that the ultimate significance of the Conference would not be disarming but rearming, and, in particular, the rearming of Germany. This process, and the British moral and material support for it, has gone forward with great rapidity since the victory of Fascism in Germany. It was within a fortnight of Hitler's 'elections' in March and the full Fascist dictatorship that MacDonald and Simon hastened to Geneva to put forward the British plan for doubling the German army as a contribution to 'disarmament.' The inevitability of German rearmament is taken for granted as a simple natural fact in the British press. J. L. Garvin, writing in the *Observer* on November 19, 1933, says: 'With or without agreement Germany will achieve within a few years—and assuredly sooner than most good persons elsewhere are willing to suppose—not only a concrete equality in arms but a superiority in some respects over any single neighbor.'

Baldwin, in the House of Commons on November 27, laid down three alternative outcomes of the Disarmament Conference. First, for all Powers to disarm to the German level.

Second, 'limitation of armaments at a point which excludes all offensive weapons. . . . In that event you have the heavily armed nations disarming to that point and you have Germany rearming to that point.'

Third, 'competition in armaments.' Only the third is, in his view, excluded: 'in no circumstances must that third alternative be reached.' The indication was clearly that the second is in practice intended: the rearming of Germany. And this would certainly be the total outcome of 'disarmament,' since the supposed parallel 'disarming to that point' of the 'heavily armed nations' would in practice be so hedged round with reservations and time clauses as to remain on paper. To such an outcome the present negotiations of Britain, France, and Germany are endeavoring to prepare the ground. At the same time British armament firms are pouring armaments into Germany. One-third of the world export of arms, according to the official League of Nations statistics, comes from Britain.

What, then, is the British aim? Why

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this frenzied course to rearmament? Why this indefatigable pressing forward of the rearmament of Germany, the former rival and antagonist? Why this anxiety to grant to Fascist Germany what was refused to 'democratic' Germany? Against whom? Against France? Most certainly not. For there is at the same time the most manifest eagerness to maintain the closest relations with France, and not only that—but to press forward by every means Franco-German agreement, an aim to which German Fascism, in spite of all the demagogic anti-French propaganda that it utilized in its rise to power, shows considerable readiness to respond. Against the United States? The contradictions are certainly growing, but these do not occupy the centre of the picture at present: they are a slower, deeper growth, and, barring accidents, there is no readiness yet on either side for immediate conflict. Against whom, then? For rearmament is no game of toy soldiers. Rearmament is no game of juridical formulas on paper. Rearmament is for a purpose.

II

British policy, as always in the most critical moments of the preparation of the combinations for future war, endeavors to wrap up its operations in a veil of ambiguity and obscurity. Similarly, before 1914, up to the very moment of the declaration of war, there remained apparent uncertainty and hesitation of the impartial, undecided, would-be conciliatory onlooker with a complete obscurity as to the exact degree of obligations to the Entente—an obscurity which served to deceive not only the House of Commons and the majority of the members of the Cabinet but also the German government.

'Up to the very outbreak of war,' said the original manifesto of the First Congress of the Communist International in 1919, 'British diplomacy stood by with vizor down in mysterious secrecy. The government of the City took care to conceal its intention to enter the war on the side of the Entente in order not to frighten off the Berlin government from going to war. For London wanted war: hence their action to make Berlin and Vienna build their hopes on English neutrality, while Paris and Petrograd were sure of England's intervention.' The whole purpose of the policy of 'encirclement' would have been defeated had it been made plain and open beforehand that an immeasurably superior network of war alliances had been built up around the intended victim until the actual moment of war became the moment for laying the cards on the table.

Despite the basic dissimilarities in the general situation, there is a certain analogy in the technique of British diplomacy in the whole post-war period. Once again, after the first direct attack of the wars of intervention had failed, there is a long, patient, and laborious pursuit of a policy of 'encirclement' to build up a superior alliance against the consciously seen main enemy—against the Soviet Union. Through the League of Nations, through Locarno, through the Four-Power Pact, through the wooing of Germany, in the border states, in the Near and Middle East, in relation to Japan, on all the fronts the attempt goes forward. And just as in the earlier period the Rapallo and Berlin Treaties, so to-day the journeyings of

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Litvinov, the non-aggression treaties, the closer relations with France, with Turkey, with Italy, and with the United States represent the repeated triumphant breaking of the net by Soviet diplomacy. The contest goes ceaselessly forward.

But the victory of Fascism in Germany and aggressive preparations of Japan in the Far East bring this issue to-day to a new intensity. And just as in the pre-1914 period, the real aim of diplomacy, the consciousness of the main enemy was most sharply and directly expressed in the so-called 'popular' press, in the *Daily Mail* with its ceaseless anti-German campaigns, in the technical military press, while the language of diplomacy on top remained ambiguous, and veiled, and seemingly concerned with every issue save the main objective, so to-day the same picture reveals itself in the anti-Soviet campaign.

The foreign policy of the National Government is attacked by its critics for weakness, uncertainty, vacillation. At one moment Simon is accused of too great conciliation to Germany, at another of too great subservience to France. At one moment the National Government courts Germany and offends France; at another, the National Government courts France and offends Germany. Divisions of opinion are widely expressed in bourgeois quarters as to the policy to be followed. These divisions are reflected in parliament and are even reported as reflected in the Cabinet. In extreme forms; press campaigns are conducted, on the one side for a complete British-French military alliance, on the other side for the repudiation of Locarno and a policy of isolation. Thus the picture appears a picture of considerable uncertainty and confusion. Yet a closer examination will show that these varying strands represent in reality varying aspects of a basic identity of policy.

Ever since Versailles, British policy has, in fact, pursued very clearly marked and consistent aims, despite the fluctuations necessitated through changing circumstances: first, while maintaining the essential basis of Versailles, the alliance with France and the League, to weaken French predominance by assisting German restoration to power and by close relations with Italy; second, to draw Germany from the eastern to the western orientation; third, on this basis to build the bloc of western imperialism under British hegemony; fourth, to coöperate with Japan outside Europe; fifth, on this basis to build the bloc against the Soviet Union and against the United States; and sixth, to direct the main aim against the Soviet Union as the immediate principal enemy and to delay so far as possible the inevitable conflict with the United States.

The past decade and a half has seen the continuous development of this policy through all the vicissitudes of post-war diplomacy. It was manifest that the signing of the Locarno Treaties in 1925 marked at the time a big stage of advance in this policy toward the restoration of Germany in principle as an equal Power, the drawing of Germany under Stresemann from an eastern to a western orientation, the guaranteeing of peace on the western frontiers, and thus the building of the bloc of western imperialism against Communism.

This objective was clearly stated at the time. The famous indiscretion of

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the Government Minister, Ormsby-Gore, may be recalled, who gave an 'explanation' of Locarno as 'the solidarity of Christian civilization to stem the most sinister growth that has arisen in European history' and went on: 'The struggle at Locarno, as I see it, was this: is Germany to regard her future as bound up with the fate of the great Western Powers, or is she going to work with Russia for the destruction of western civilization? . . . Locarno means that so far as the present government of Germany is concerned it is detached from Russia and throwing in its lot with the West.'

Nevertheless, Locarno failed in the full realization of its object, although marking an important stage forward. For Germany still held to the two-sided or 'reinsurance' policy and followed up Locarno with the Berlin Soviet-German Treaty renewing Rapallo in 1926. Britain at the time was tied up with the General Strike. When the General Strike had been successfully settled and Britain struck its blow against the Soviet Union in the beginning of 1927, it found itself isolated. Birkenhead's journey to Berlin for support met with no response. The Chinese Revolution concentrated British attention.

III

At the same time, from 1927 onward—Geneva Naval Conference breakdown—Anglo-American antagonism came sharply to the front. And in 1929 came the world economic crisis. The whole policy was delayed. Japanese aggression in the Far East brought again strong preparations for attack in the spring of 1932. But the opposition of the United States, the internal economic difficulties of Britain, the Empire difficulties of Ottawa, and the Lausanne and debts complications, as well as the uncertain inner situation and rapid growth of the forces of the proletarian revolution in Germany, hindered the advance.

It is the victory of Fascism in Germany in 1933 that has brought to the front again the whole world counter-revolutionary offensive under British leadership. Here at last was the hope of smashing one of the principal obstacles in the path, the German revolutionary working-class movement, and securing in German Fascism an obedient tool, provided it could be turned from its anti-western threats and concentrated on the line of aggression in the East.

The British Government hastened immediately to the support of German Fascism. MacDonald proceeded to Geneva in March to proclaim to the world that 'either Germany is given justice and freedom or Europe will risk destruction' and to put forward the British plan for doubling the German Army. Thence he passed on to Rome and with Mussolini evolved the Four-Power Pact, or most direct expression of the bloc of western imperialism for a single policy 'in all questions political and non-political, European and extra-European.' 'These were the four Powers,' explained MacDonald to the press on March 21, 'which, if the worst were to come, would have to bear the brunt of the work.' In April followed the British rupture of trade relations with the Soviet Union. Within twenty-four hours of the British rupture followed the Japanese ultimatum to the Soviet Union over the Chinese Eastern Railway.

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But a series of complications still arise in the path. The military concessions to Germany arouse the suspicions of France, which sees plainly the menace to Versailles and the close approach of revision and views with extreme distrust the Four-Power Pact. France accordingly countered the British moves by closer relations with the Soviet Union. In May—that is, at the same time as the British breach of trade relations—the French Foreign Minister spoke enthusiastically of the 'renewal of French-Soviet friendship. . . . Without its being a revival of the former French-Russian alliance, it rendered a new service to the cause of peace . . . a great nation which would play its part in the world,' while the semi-governmental press of the Left broke into flowery nonsense about 'the two great democratic republics in Europe' in opposition to Fascism. At the same time Germany on its side signed the renewal of the Berlin German-Soviet Treaty. Thus the Four-Power front was for the moment successfully broken by Soviet diplomacy, which proceeded to add the ring of non-aggression pacts with the border states, finally completed at the World Economic Conference. In this way the British attack was again isolated, and Britain was compelled to end the formal rupture in July at the World Economic Conference, though still delaying up to the present the renewal of a trade treaty. In September took place the visit of Herriot and of the Air Minister, Cot, to the Soviet Union.

Alongside of this, Anglo-American relations seriously worsened in 1933. The fiasco of the MacDonald-Roosevelt meeting in April was accompanied by the opening of the currency war of the pound and dollar. Britain sought for a stabilization agreement at the World Economic Conference without success. After suffering the offensive of sterling depreciation for eighteen months, the United States, having now taken up the same weapon, was not going to relinquish it so rapidly, more especially as a measure of inflation was important for its internal policy. The series of Roosevelt messages vetoed each successive provisional agreement, and the World Economic Conference ended in the most resounding fiasco of all post-war conferences.

IV

The subsequent debt negotiations in the autumn also ended in failure. In the face of the sharpening Anglo-American antagonism and more especially of the Japanese aggression in the Far East, the United States also proceeded for the first time since the October Revolution to build up relations with the Soviet Union. The American approach for the resumption of relations was addressed to the Soviet Union in October and led to recognition in November. This was a significant transformation in international relations, although the calculations of American imperialism, both economic and political, were transparently obvious.

In this situation British policy was compelled to manœuvre and to draw closer once again to France. The MacDonald 'Disarmament' plan of March was modified in a series of particulars to meet French objections, at the expense of Germany. But this immediately aroused German antagonism. Germany demonstratively quitted the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference in October,

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and the German press, which had previously spoken of Britain as the friend and ally, now poured out its anger against British 'desertion' and found comfort only in Lloyd George who continued to repeat the permanent basic British policy of the restoration of Germany in opposition to French hegemony.

British diplomacy was now faced with its most delicate task: to endeavor to draw France and Germany together in a single line, despite all the antagonisms. The whole of British efforts were exerted to secure direct French-German negotiations for an understanding. Despite the direct blow in the face represented by the German abandonment of the League, British expression continued conciliatory in the extreme to Fascist Germany.

Simon, in the House of Commons on November 24, applauded the 'very remarkable interview' of Hitler to de Brinon, proposing permanent Franco-German peace on a basis of recognition of the frontiers in the West and proclaimed the readiness to regard Germany as 'a partner.' In December, the French-German conversations went forward in a veil of secret diplomacy. Italy put in its demand for the 'radical reform' of the League of Nations in the direction represented by the Four-Power Pact. British diplomacy is obviously hopeful anew of the building of the bloc of western imperialism. The British chauvinist press—Rothermere—and the German official press—Rosenberg—equally express the basic aim of peace in the West and expansion in the East, that is, against the Soviet Union, even publishing in detail their proposals for the division of the lion's skin.

At the same time, Japanese aggression and expansion in the Far East receive no less striking 'sympathetic understanding' from British expression, despite the acute difficulties of extreme commercial competition at the present point, for in 1933 Japanese cotton-goods exports have for the first time outstripped the British.

The *Times*, on December 8, 1933, published a sympathetic article on 'Crowded Japan.' 'In the next ten years Japan must find work and food for nearly ten millions more people than she employs and feeds to-day.' The alternatives are seen as either social revolution or aggressive foreign expansion:—

'The cheap goods of the factories into which the surplus workers of the farms were drained have found markets abroad. If the process does not continue, how is Japan to avoid an explosion which will either destroy the social order at home or burst a way to expansion abroad?'

The writer concludes that Japan cannot reasonably be expected to refrain from foreign aggression: 'A poor, proud, heavily-armed nation can hardly be expected, as a Japanese writer has said, to "starve in saintly submission in its own back yard."' At the same time German-Japanese relations are drawn close, with exchanges of missions, German military aid to Japan, et cetera.

The dream of British imperialism and of the imperialist counter-revolution throughout the world for 1934 is manifest. The impossibility of the peaceful solution of the world economic crisis carries forward ever faster the advance to world war. The forces of development toward Fascism press forward in every capitalist country. In

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the United States, the Roosevelt policy reveals more and more its militarist, anti-striking, lynching character. In Britain, the Unemployment Bill expresses the advance to new forms of intensified dictatorship. In Spain, the combined bourgeois reaction uses every means to strangle the revolution. In Germany, the violence of Fascism grows with the growth of discontent and the working-class opposition. The forces of counter-revolution throughout the world dream to solve the world crisis and turn the future world war into the channel of war against the Soviet Union by the direct attack of Japan in the East and with the support of Germany and western imperialism from the West. Against the sharp menace of such a war we have to be prepared. The strength of the working-class front against Fascism and against imperialist war in every country is decisive for the future line of development. The culminating stages of the world economic crisis and the increasingly reckless policies of capitalism drive to a violent outcome. The fight of the international working class against Fascism and against imperialist war is faced with big issues in the coming year and with high revolutionary possibilities.

II. The Fascists Come to England

By a Political Correspondent

From the *Observer*, London Independent Conservative Sunday Paper

SINCE the last general election, when the New Party failed to get one candidate elected, little attention has been given to the political activities of Sir Oswald Mosley. It was known that he had founded a Fascist movement, but the idea of Fascism was so novel and the prospects of the party seemed in consequence so poor that many people prophesied its death within a year.

But, on the contrary, the movement has rapidly grown; it has branches all over the country; it has large funds, a huge membership; and now that Viscount Rothermere has given it his support it presumably has a powerful press. The Fascist movement is no longer a mushroom growth, and the time has come when some attempt should be made to estimate its strength.

Outwardly the party resembles the Italian model rather than the German one. The shirt is black, not brown, and instead of the Hitler symbol of the Hakenkreuz Mosley has adopted the Roman fasces. So, too, with policy. Hitler's programme was an extraordinary hodgepodge of contradictions, impossible to understand unless the reader remembered that Hitler was exploiting class and national hatreds —hatred of the Jew, hatred of the 'war profiteer,' of the financier, and the 'internationalist capitalist.'

Mosley's policy bears no trace of this hysteria, and, indeed, compared with the Nazi programme, it looks uncommonly staid and severe. Apart from the 'reform of Parliament,' Mosley preaches the ideal of the complete corporate state, a regulated economic life, and an observer will

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notice how subtly he has stolen the thunder both of the Left and the Right.

It is not, however, the actual programme that is important, but the methods used to get it across, and here Mosley is more like Hitler than Mussolini. Like Hitler, he has learnt all the popular Socialist jargon, and there is no one in England who knows how to play on the vague suspicions of a working-class audience better than he does. But he is more concrete than Hitler, whose whole object is to fill his audience with a vague sense of injustice and thus to work them up into a passion. Mosley seriously argues his case. He speaks with great sincerity,—indeed, it is absurd to suggest that he is 'insincere,'—and he has the art of illuminating his argument by a sudden brilliance of phrase. His one fault as a speaker is that he is still too inclined to be clever at the expense of his opponents—a habit that amuses an audience but does not convince it.

Where Mosley is so like Hitler is in his sense of the dramatic. There is an extraordinary atmosphere of drama about a Mosley meeting, a sense that great things are about to happen. At the same time the observer will notice two important weaknesses in Mosley's appeal that will greatly handicap his movement. Unlike Hitler, he has no genius for simplification: for instance, any boy can draw the Hakenkreuz, but very few can draw the Roman fasces. The second point is even more important. Hitlerism is a Fascist movement, but it is a thoroughly German one. The weakness of Fascism in Britain is that although it has avoided the Communist error of referring everything to a committee in Moscow—a committee that knows nothing about conditions outside Russia—it remains a pale imitation of its original. There is still nothing English about the movement. Why the Italian blackshirt instead of the English pullover?

Nevertheless, the British movement strongly reminds one of Hitlerism, and especially because of the type of man it is attracting. No generalization about this can be very accurate, but it can be said that, as with the Nazis, there is a reactionary wing, composed of violent anti-Socialists, and a revolutionary wing, recruited from the Independent Labor Party and the Communists.

So far as one can judge, the Left wing is considerably stronger than the Right, for when Mosley founded the movement he took over with him many discontented members of the Labor movement. Tremendous headway, too, has been made in the big industrial centres of the North, where many of the unemployed have become disillusioned both with the Labor party and the Communists. This success in the areas that have remained unshakably loyal to Labor for so many years is the most impressive fact about the Fascist movement. It is not surprising that Mosley should be the uncrowned king of Brighton; it is surprising that he has been able to build up a strong organization in Manchester and that to-day he should be holding a mass meeting in the Birmingham Bingley Hall, which holds fifteen thousand people.

How big is the membership? This is a difficult question to answer, since the form the organization has taken makes it hard to obtain any exact figure. When the movement was started a sustained barrage of propaganda was

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directed from the centre in London, and in response to this groups and branches sprang up spontaneously in the big towns. Touring officers were sent out to give instruction in organization, and, if necessary, to finance the initial activities of the local branches. The branch was then allowed to develop as an autonomous body with freedom to direct its own local activities in organization but accepting a rigid central control on all questions of policy.

In the subsequent stages an area branch was made responsible for a given territory and for the setting up of groups and branches subsidiary to itself in the area under its control.

There are now one hundred and fifty of these area branches, and many of them have three or four satellite branches. The official estimate of membership has been worked out from reports sent in by the local branches, and their optimistic estimates make up a total of five hundred thousand. This is a figure that experienced political observers find it impossible to accept. It is clear, however, that the membership is large—far larger than many people believe.

With this support it is not surprising that Sir Oswald Mosley has decided to fight both at the next general election and the next municipal elections.

II

The organization has some interesting features. The staff is highly centralized and highly disciplined. The huge building in London houses all the principal officers and is completely departmentalized: treasury, accounts, branch organization, propaganda, research, publicity, legal department, and defense force. It is estimated that headquarters deals with three thousand letters a week and that the average number of meetings held over the whole country is in the region of five hundred a week. Fifteen to twenty headquarter propagandists are always on tour, and smaller meetings are addressed by local speakers.

The Fascists deny the allegation that members of the defense force are paid. It is asserted, on the other hand, that, like all other members, they have to pay their membership fees to belong. In all cases the minimum membership subscription is one shilling per month, or fourpence per month if the member is unemployed.

Every branch has its own defense force. General instructions are given by the officers of this section at headquarters, and contact is maintained throughout the country by touring officers.

It is claimed that the officials of the movement are paid less and work harder than in any of the orthodox parties. The touring officers, organizers, and propagandists are paid £2 per week and a 7 shillings per day subsistence allowance. Higher officials get more, but there are no highly paid posts.

The movement has now passed through its first two stages: Fascist propaganda and Fascist organization, and the next stage will be the building of an electoral machine in the constituencies. By the next election the movement hopes to have a virile machine and a sufficient number of candidates to prove that they are seeking power through constitutional forms.

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Persons and Personages

An Evening with Sven Hedin

By Walter Bosshard

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-language Daily

SVEN HEDIN, the Nestor of Asiatic explorers, has again started on an expedition across the Gobi desert to remote Turkestan where trouble is raging. How many times has he made this trip? He must think before answering, for nearly fifty years have passed since he went to Baku as a young student.

Hedin has remained young. No one who meets him would ever believe that this sturdy Swede will soon be celebrating his seventieth birthday. But you discover the secret of his youth when he describes his experiences with extraordinary vigor and a humor all his own to a small circle of friends. He is charming as he tells about his first meeting with Countesses Károlyi and Teleki.

'I was riding on the Orient Express to Constantinople in April, 1890, when I saw a gentleman with two girls, pretty as pictures, sitting at the last table in the dining car. "Who is that gentleman?" I asked the waiter.

'"Béla Széchényi."

'I wanted to meet him and walked across the dining car. "Your Grace, I have read with delight your books describing your travels with Kreitner and Loczy," I said, and then we talked for hours about the Orient. By the time we arrived in Constantinople I had made firm friends of Béla Széchényi and his two daughters. The old Count has long been dead, but whenever I pass through Budapest I always stay with one of the two Countesses with whom I have maintained a cordial correspondence for more than forty years.'

'Did you ever meet Bamberry?' somebody asked him at a farewell dinner.

'Bamberry? Yes, I met him the first time he came back from Persia,' Hedin replied. 'I was young and eager then. I visited him on my way through the country and asked him whether he would write a preface to my first book. Bamberry thought a while and then said he would. I returned to Stockholm full of enthusiasm and wrote down my experiences. When I spoke to my Swedish publisher about the prospect of the foreword he raised my royalties, but my friends expressed doubt. "Would Bamberry still remember?" they asked. A few days after I had sent him the first proofs I received the long introduction that is now

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printed in my book, named *Through Persia, Mesopotamia, and Caucasia.*'

Hedin knows all the great explorers of the past hundred years. Many of their names are unfamiliar to younger people like ourselves, but when Hedin speaks of them they come to life before our eyes and we remember their work, which chiefly consisted of laying the foundations that made later explorations in Asia possible. How many of them Hedin has seen depart—Andrée, Nordenskiöld, Nansen, Helmholtz, Lord Curzon. He makes us feel on intimate terms with all of them because of some common experience, some occasion when they met, or a correspondence carried on over many years. But he was most intimate of all with a former teacher and friend, Freiherr von Richthofen, whose recently published letters written over a period of sixteen years offer eloquent testimony of their relationship.

'I felt a terrible sense of emptiness when I heard that this great scholar had died, since I was conscious that he would no longer follow me on my new travels through Asia and that I would forevermore have to do without the steadfastness and incentive that he had always provided.'

When Hedin speaks of Richthofen one feels the immeasurable respect he always had for his master. Hedin describes the innumerable orders, decorations, and titles that were conferred upon him, but he makes little of them. He might call himself Sven von Hedin, or Sir Sven, but he has remained the same old Sven Hedin whom we first encountered when we were young, in his *Transhimalaya.*

'What was the story about the tapemeasure you lost in Loulan?' some one asks him during the last evening together in Peking.

'Ah, the tapemeasure that Sir Aurel Stein found in the ruins of Loulan ten years after I had passed that way. I first heard of it when I was invited to a banquet in London in 1909. Sir Aurel Stein made a speech of welcome and then said, "A little discovery I made on my last trip proves that Herr Hedin has already been there." He then took a little metal tapemeasure out of his pocket.

'"The name of the Stockholm manufacturer is engraved upon it and under it the name of our guest of the evening." Amid loud applause he handed me my long-forgotten tapemeasure. I then had to say a few words myself, and finally the chairman of the Royal Geographic Society arose and said, "Now we know that not only was Sir Aurel Stein really in Loulan but we have definite proof that Dr. Hedin was working in these ruins ten years earlier. Thus we have seen what honorable people these central Asiatic explorers are, and, since I am convinced that our guest of the evening procured a new tapemeasure for himself long ago, I suggest that he give the customary award to the finder and leave his old tapemeasure with us."

'What else could I do?' Sven Hedin asks us. 'Ever since then my

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tapemeasure has lain in a glass case at the Royal Geographic Society in London.'

To hear him talk for a whole evening is to experience a chapter of modern Asiatic exploration. How many blank stretches on our maps have been filled in by Hedin, what progress technology has made since the day when he set forth on his first journey to Asia. One would imagine that the terrific cold and great exertions required would deter a man of sixty-eight from embarking on new adventures.

'Of course, it will be cold,' Hedin remarked, when we mentioned the subject, 'and I will not take my good, loyal dog with me since he would freeze on the way.'

This time Hedin is setting forth under the auspices of the Chinese Government, traveling by automobile across the western provinces. Turkestan lies far away from China, and it often takes six months to get there by camel caravan. And since the recent disturbances the Nanking Government has tried to find a quicker route.

This is not one of those big expeditions that we associate with Hedin. He is not setting out for unknown parts. The task that he has undertaken on this occasion does not have a scientific, geographic purpose, but a political, technical one. This fact alone shows us what progress has been made in modern Asiatic exploration.

'When do you think you'll be back?'

'One can never tell in advance. I suppose that some general or other may hold us up for weeks or maybe months, but though the life of man is short we shall fulfill our task. It is good to return after thirty or forty years to the scene of one's first explorations and to be able to control one's own activities.'

Hedin is one of the few great explorers who has fulfilled his desires, and, if he finally returns from this new trip and settles down peacefully in his lovely home in Stockholm, he can do so conscious of the fact that he has a life of adversity and adventure behind him.

Georges Mandel

By Emile Buré

Translated from *Je Suis Partout*, Paris Topical Conservative Weekly

WHEN the discussion about the budget is ended the government will have to give an account of its foreign policy. Georges Mandel will put the question; there will be many people in the Chamber that day. Friends and foes alike agree that he has the mind of a true-born politician and that he carries on the great parliamentary tradition magnificently.

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He had some trouble in making a place for himself, but that place is now his. I remember his first speech. His words were constantly drowned out by interruptions. His back to the tribune, he calmly waited for silence to return and then took up his discourse. The fierce mockery, the bold quips that he hurled so mercilessly against his opponents finally made them cautious. Now, when he takes the floor—like all orators worthy of the name, he does so only on rare occasions—silence reigns throughout the house. Hostile, anxious silence on the part of those who fear his inexorable swordplay; sympathetic or amused silence on the part of those who have nothing to fear. During the last legislature it was he who gave Briand the death blow.

Mandel has a mordant intellect, and, knowing that politics is the most difficult of the arts, he took the trouble to study it in advance. It is unquestionably true that he delights in throwing his audience into a passion by exposing the vices and foibles of his colleagues. But is it not good to dethrone a few hangers-on of the Republic? Furthermore, have you not noticed that this magnificent sadist tears his victims to bits but scorns to finish the job, which marks the great difference between him and the Jacobins and Fouché, to whom he has so often been compared?

Even when he is defending the established order the Semite in him has trouble in controlling its instinct for destruction. Mandel can speak only in a martial atmosphere, which he creates the moment he steps up to the tribune. At the beginning of his political career, when he announced that he was going to make a speech, his adversaries welcomed the opportunity of abusing him. Now they fear his ruthlessness. This jungle beast without heart or nerves selects his victims, and their prayers have no power over him. Rather do they encourage him to bite a little deeper.

Mandel has more than one break in his armor, however, and he too could be speared. But why bother? He is equally insensitive to the blows he receives and to those he inflicts.

Mandel is to-day the same man as the day when I saw him enter the editorial offices of the *Aurore*, a little stouter, that's all. Rather pale, with wide-awake searching eyes, the nose of a gourmet or a hunter, and a thin, scornful mouth, even thirty years ago he had a decided way of speaking and acting. Clémenceau paid no attention to him when he presented his card of admission. 'Very well,' he said, 'find yourself a place in the editorial office.' Mandel, who did not know the customs of the establishment, went right up to the secretary. That excellent man, who suffered from a sharp temper, could not long endure a young man who always had the particular paper that he wanted to read and sent him over to our editorial room, which he scornfully called the 'kindergarten.' The future Minister François Albert was there; François Crucy, who became a Socialist; the fiery Paul Lévy, to-day the director

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of *Aux Ecoutes* and the *Rempart;* the charming Adrien Souberbielle, who left Paris where he could have had a brilliant career; and the extraordinary Alexandre Ular, who had explored China.

The solemn, peremptory Mandel was a bit out of place in our office, which was noisy and a trifle Bohemian. No matter, Pierre La Mazière, the author of *J'aurai un bel enterrement*, would say the young politician had found the 'good door,' that of the boss, which opened into the editorial room. He arrived every day with a portfolio full of documents and waited until a lazy editor asked him to do his work for him. He didn't have to wait long. He could thus see Georges Clémenceau almost every day and display his remarkable erudition. Thoughtlessly, the director of the *Aurore* teased him, called him 'Mon ami Pierrot,' and took delight in making fun of the Jews in his presence, but not without using the young man's knowledge fully.

'Mandel,' he would say, 'you will never know how to write. But don't worry. You don't have to know how to write to be a great journalist. Take Cassagnac for example—he writes like a stevedore and he is a great journalist. The only thing is, my child, no funny tricks. A subject, a verb, a direct object. When you have to use an indirect object let me know.'

At that time, Georges Clémenceau was interested in the Moroccan situation. He wanted a column about it every day. He summoned François Albert and Mandel and asked them to collaborate. 'Mandel, who would know everything if he knew how to write,' he said to François Albert, 'will give you the ideas. You will make the article, you who will never know anything but how to write.'

A wonderful collaboration. What fun it gave us. Mandel, with the look of a chief mourner, was dictating. Suddenly François Albert would turn around to question him with true Gallic humor, 'What? Maghzen. . . . Maghreb. . . . What a bore!'

'Take up your pen, Monsieur Albert,' Mandel calmly said, 'or this will go on forever.'

And the séance would continue.

Clémenceau was appointed Minister. I was entrusted with the task of asking him to make Mandel a member of his cabinet. He would not hear of it, and Mandel later found a place for himself in the cabinet of Albert Sarraut. Here again he had only to stretch out his hand to reach the knob of the 'good door.' After the resignation of Sarraut he became associated with Clémenceau, who had come to realize he could not get along without him.

Georges Clémenceau may have treated Mandel roughly, but he never deserted him. As he was leaving for Japan the ex-Premier said to Loucheur, 'My last word of advice: beware of Mandel.' But such jokes

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were in line with Clémenceau's policy. It would be naïve to take them seriously. During the War there was no limit to Mandel's power. Never in our Republic did a Minister make decisions with such authority.

Mandel knew how to take his revenge, however. I saw him 'reading the press' to Clémenceau; the scene was magnificent. He spared him nothing. Meanwhile, his chief, leaning against the mantel, became nervous: 'Let it go. Let it go. My concierge says worse things about me.' But the head of the cabinet fulfilled his obligation conscientiously and continued to read from the notebook where the articles were pasted, so that Clémenceau had to take flight in order to escape his tormentor.

Dramatists, go to Mandel, consider his ways and be wise. His is a great rôle. His life is a masterpiece of tenacity, boldness, and skill. He has not yet said his last word. What does he want? Where is he going? It is hard to answer this double question at the present time. But it is certain that in this period of Fascism he remains one of the most amazing parliamentary figures. He loves parliament in so far as he despises it and feels able to dominate it. But he loves it sincerely.

Dr. Albinana

By Condesa Ponce de León

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

It is said that the shirts and cravats he wears bear Fascist colors. And that his visiting card used to bear the color of the monarchy. It is said that a group of sympathizers call him their leader. It is said that he is still suffering from the results of having been exiled to Las Hurdes. It is said that he is a dangerous fool who would never be of any importance in Spain. But others say that he is a genius and disinterested, while still others claim that he is dominating and ambitious. Nor is this all that is said about Dr. Albinana.

One thing is certain. He gave the young Republic a lot of trouble. He was more interested in politics than in his medical profession. Like all men who want to attain their goal quickly, he exploited the revolution to push his own personality forward. His fiery speeches and articles and, finally, his book, in which he criticized the new government, caused him to be banished to Las Hurdes.

Las Hurdes lies in the province of Caceres, somewhere near the middle of that long mountain chain that begins two hundred and fifty kilometres west of Madrid and runs almost to the Portuguese frontier. Shut off from the rest of Spain by its lofty, impassable mountain wall, it is bordered on one side by the Sierra de Gata and on the other by the Sierra de

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las Mesas. It remained until recently one of the most inaccessible parts of the world. Climbing with mules up steep roads that wind through narrow mountain passes, one used to need ten or twelve hours to reach Las Hurdes. Two years ago the first road was built, running through indescribably beautiful mountain country, past waterfalls and steep overhanging cliffs that shimmered with metallic colors. On this road grass grows in the springtime because so few automobiles use it.

Las Hurdes covers 116 acres, but its population amounts to only about 6,500 people. In the most remote parts of this mountain wilderness there are neither schools, churches, nor cemeteries. Until the road was built there used to be all kinds of wild legends about the people who dwell here, legends of dwarfs and gnomes who cast spells on people in order to drain their blood. None of the inhabitants of the neighboring country ever dared to venture into these renowned mountain fastnesses. It is hardly believable that such wild ideas could take root in healthy human minds, and it is all the more unfortunate since the people concerning whom these strange things were believed had sunk so low intellectually and physically that they were in great need of the help and sympathy of their neighbors.

Las Hurdes has always been a shameful spot on the map of Spain. Shut off from the world by a gigantic mountain wall, doomed to eternal silent imprisonment, its inhabitants had never progressed more than halfway toward civilization. In size they were hardly larger than ten-year-old children, with huge heads on small, skinny bodies. Marriage between near relations—even incest—was the order of the day in Las Hurdes. The women married at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and it sometimes happened that the children of such marriages could not learn to speak but could only make noises like animals. An imbecilic expression in a colorless face that soon grew wrinkled with age—the people of Las Hurdes never lived more than thirty-six years—symbolized the pitiful type that these lonely mountain people bred. They were peaceful, harmless folk who lived out their short lives never suspecting that there was anything more to the world than their own profound remoteness, than the sheer rocks of their mountains, than the barren stony soil that is barely able to grow what they need to maintain life, and the skinny sheep and pigs that are their only property.

Years ago King Alfonso XIII paid a visit to Las Hurdes with a few friends, and in consequence these dreadful conditions were brought to light. After riding more than ten hours Alfonso and his companions reached the first of the wretched villages. They returned home deeply moved by what they had seen. Splendid projects were sketched out to aid these unfortunate people, but the good intentions remained unfulfilled and the inhabitants of Las Hurdes were again forgotten.

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Less than two years ago some doctors visited this district. They recognized that drastic measures were necessary, and presently, on their initiative, a committee was formed that has since been working to improve the situation in Las Hurdes. The road on which construction had been started was completed; schools were opened; doctors were established in the largest of the towns. But the struggle against ignorance and lack of culture is never an easy one. Moreover, one has to contend against the inert indifference of these people, and this makes progress difficult. Good will and energy exist, however, and the work of restoration is moving forward.

Then the Spanish Government banished the famous Dr. Albinana, its political enemy, to Las Hurdes. A heavy sentence for an enthusiastic politician. He would probably have preferred one of the city prisons that were overcrowded with political prisoners, or perhaps the fortress at Villa de Cisneros. But no. The plan was cleverly devised: the doctor would be of service in Las Hurdes. What a field of activity offered itself. The mental and physical degradation of these people, their short life span were problems that stimulated him to earnest activity. The powers that be had reckoned correctly. Dr. Albinana forgot his political plans and ambitions for a while. Since he had no other shelter in the place to which he had been banished than rocky caves, his supporters were allowed to send him a tent. Here he lived, carefully guarded, in God's free air, preparing his own meals and using his long hours of exile visiting the sick and dying, giving medical aid as best he could. He wrote a book in which he described the plight of these mountain folk and devised a plan to improve the condition of the people.

But after nine months of imprisonment he fell sick of a stomach ailment that he had been afflicted with six years previously. Since an operation was necessary he was taken back to Madrid under careful supervision, but succeeded in making his escape with the aid of some friends, who then made him chief of the Spanish Fascists. Days passed, and nobody knew where he was in hiding. Finally he appeared at a bullfight in Malaga. There was a great *corrida*, and all the seats were taken. I was visiting some friends who invited me to attend. Our seats were in the first row. During the pause after the second bull had been killed, commotion broke out behind us, and looking around we saw a strongly built man of average height stand up on his seat and make a speech in a loud voice. 'Dr. Albinana.' His name went from mouth to mouth. All eyes were turned toward him, and although it was known that he was wanted by the police nobody dared to give the alarm.

'Citizens,' cried the speaker. 'A new era has arrived in our country. We, the Fascists, are your salvation. But above all things, down with the Republic! *Abajo con la República.*' He had just time to repeat these

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words twice when an angry murmur passed through the crowd. Powerful hands were laid on him, his blue cravat, the color of the Fascists, was yanked askew, and his little straw hat with a band of the same color fell to the ground. People laughed. The police appeared and took the raging Dr. Albinana away with them. But they could not prevent the crowd from shouting, 'We'll meet again soon, very soon.'

After being operated on, the doctor was soon on his way to recovery, and a few days later he was put behind the walls of the Valencia prison instead of being returned to the mountain fastnesses of Las Hurdes.

O You Among Women

By F. R. Higgins

From *Arable Holdings*, the Cuala Press, Dublin

WHEN pails empty the last brightness
Of the well, at twilight-time,
And you are there among women—
O mouth of silence,
Will you come with me, when I sign,
To the far green wood that fences
A lake inlaid with light?

To be there, O lost in each other,
While day melts in airy water,
And the drake-headed pike—a shade
In the waves' pale stir!
For love is there, under the breath,
As a coy star is there in the quiet
Of the wood's blue eye.

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This moving short story of a girls' school in Nazi Germany is said by its author to be based on a real occurrence.

Swastika School Days

By Rudolf Wittenberg

Translated from the *Sammlung*, Literary Monthly published by German Emigrés in Amsterdam

THE massive, red-brick building is Girls' School Number 91 in Berlin-Wilmersdorf. A big yard covered with dark sand surrounds the structure. Doors slam as people pass through them. Children hurry to their places. Teachers open their books. The second hour of school is beginning.

Fräulein Lehmann has class 4A of ten-year-old girls. The teacher, an elderly Fräulein, stands stiffly beside her chair. She has a big package in her thin hands. The girls watch the woman and her hands eagerly.

'Dear children . . .'

A girl giggles. Two others poke her in the back. A penholder rolls clattering along the desk and falls to the floor.

'Before we begin the day's lesson, let us all do something very beautiful together.'

An eager hand is raised.

'What is it?'

'Fräulein, I know . . .'

'No, you don't. Anyone who does not keep quiet will not be allowed to take part in the celebration.'

Fräulein Lehmann pulls her handkerchief out of her sleeve, presses it to her nose, and quickly replaces it.

'I have a picture here,' she says and begins to unwrap the crackling paper. Her girls crane their necks. Those in the back rows stand up, their eyes shining with curiosity. 'It's a portrait of our Chancellor.' She gulps and makes a little bow as the wrapping paper falls to the ground. 'Of our leader, Adolf Hitler.'

'Ah, how sweet. What manly eyes.'

'How natural his hair looks.'

Fräulein Lehmann's little mouth smiles. She sighs with the yearning of an adolescent. She now holds the picture in the curve of her arm so that one side of it is pressed against her breast. She stands erect, back arched.

Two girls look intently at their desks. Two others whisper in the

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corner. They do not dare to speak yet.

'Well, now,' Fräulein Lehmann raises her voice without changing her attitude. 'Now we shall decorate our little class room with this picture.'

Several groups of girls discuss where the picture should be hung. Eager voices argue the question. Fräulein Lehmann is happy, and she looks kindly at her little ones.

Then a head slowly rises, two feet shuffle on the floor. Hilde Wagner has risen. She wears pigtails and her hair is parted in the middle. 'Fräulein, my papa has said we should ask, please, if we can have some heat. It's cold. The thermometer . . .' her gentle voice wavers and subsides.

Suddenly everything is quite still. From the class room next door a song rings out, 'Deutschland über alles . . .'

The teacher exclaims, 'Hilde Wagner, stand up.'

Hilde stands there. Her eyes are blue and dreamy. Her mouth is small.

'So that's your ideal. Don't you want to be a German girl? Shame on you. To talk of such everyday affairs in the middle of our lovely celebration. It is easy enough to see . . .' Fräulein Lehmann stops talking. An educational idea has stopped her words. 'Hilde Wagner, come here.'

Hilde goes to the desk. The eyes of the whole class are turned on her like so many spotlights.

'Here is a nail and the hammer. Hang the picture there near the table.'

The class is big. Fräulein Lehmann speaks very loud. Hilde is alone. She would like to turn around and look at Grete. Grete is her friend. Grete's father was in the concentration camp in Oranienburg. He was shot 'trying to escape.' But here is the nail, the hammer, the picture. The class sits in tense silence. You can hear them breathing.

'Hilde Wagner, hang the picture.'

Hilde feels her legs carrying her toward the table and feels her arm raising itself. The nail and the hammer are in her hand. Hilde stands on a stool and begins hammering.

'Lower.'

'More to the right.'

'Higher.'

Hilde hammers and hammers. The wall is too much for her. Hilde hammers. Her face is red. The nail has bent. It's doubled over.

'It won't go.'

The class relaxes.

'Aha, so it won't go. You will soon see how well it goes. Beate von Rübner, show her that we can hang the picture.'

Beate von Rübner throws back her head, making her blond locks flow out behind, and hurries forward. She drives a new nail vigorously. It sinks into the wall and seems to be holding. Fräulein Lehmann cries, 'Stop. Now Hilde will drive it the rest of the way and then hang the picture nicely to please us all.'

Beate runs triumphantly to her seat, laughing.

Hilde turns and faces the class. She looks earnestly at Grete. Hilde weakens. It is now clear that she has betrayed herself.

'Well, Wagner, hurry up.'

Then something unexpected happens. Hilde drops her head, presses her hands tight together, and says in a low voice, 'I won't do it.'

The girls bend their heads and look anxious. Grete alone sits upright, her body stiff as a flagpole.

Fräulein Lehmann turns pale as

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death. 'Ah . . . so,' she says tonelessly.

Hilde Wagner turns slowly and goes to her seat. It is cold. The children do not stir. The teacher drives the nail in deep and then hangs the picture of Hitler. 'Take out your books.'

School closes at one-fifteen. Two ten-year-old girls cross the courtyard together. Grete has wrapped her arm round Hilde's shoulder. A swarm of children follow them shouting. Little groups run past them and look curiously at Hilde. Two of them point at her. 'There she is.' On the first story beards and eyeglasses peer through the geraniums on the window ledge: these are the teachers.

II

Two days later, a conference.

'I wouldn't deceive you, Herr Architekt Wagner. You should have seen how well the little one hung up the picture for me.'

Rector Kurtz wears a wax moustache. He holds one hand in his pocket. He teaches history and geography, but he likes the gymnasium class best of all. Now he smiles at his visitor. A gold tooth glistens and he continues, 'Fräulein Lehmann still has certain prejudices of . . . well, yesterday. No, no. Heaven forbid. The lady was never Red in all her life, but she might turn in that direction now because of the suspicions against her.' Rector Kurtz laughs so loud that the little canary bird flies from the bust of Zeus and perches on the globe, on the North Sea. Kurtz is fond of animals. The bird is tame.

Architect Wagner, Hilde's father, looks reflectively out of the window. He is a big, blue-eyed fellow. Wagner comes from Schleswig-Holstein. He takes no interest in politics. He is enthusiastic about his profession and is a clever, well-educated man. But now he must make his living as a salesman. There is not enough building going on.

'What would you think, Herr Architekt,' the rector continues, 'of acting like a Dutch uncle from time to time? A couple of good cuffs on the ear have often worked wonders. Think of the army.'

The father looks the schoolmaster placidly in the face. 'I don't know that that does much good, Herr Rector.'

'We've had great success with it here, as the Herr Rector just told you,' a young assistant teacher exclaims.

'The time is almost up, gentlemen, the time's up,' mumbles a man with a white beard, 'and thank God.'

Rector Kurtz rises. His body is tense. 'In any case you share our opinion that one must break such resistance relentlessly in the interests of sound national development?'

Wagner opens one hand dubiously and keeps silent.

Then Fräulein Lehmann cranes her head over toward the architect, looks at him maliciously, and says, 'You have no picture of the Leader at home. Not even an emblem of the national government. Is that why the child understood so little?'

Wagner smiles quietly. 'No, Fräulein Lehmann. We haven't come to that yet. Little worries consume so much strength. Hilde often goes to school without breakfast and I work late into the night. If things only got a little better. . . .'

The assembled faculty now looks at the head master. 'Well, to get back to the subject, I must, of course, turn the matter over to the authorities.

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After all, a picture of the Leader is no small matter.'

The faculty rises. Architect Wagner goes to the door. The conference is over.

For the next few days Hilde Wagner's seat is vacant. On the morning of the fourth day Fräulein Lehmann raps on the door as usual. 'Let us pray.' Then she stops and forgets to fold her hands. Hilde Wagner is back again, pale and tired. Her eyes appear weary from crying. The teacher does not look at her again. The hour seems to last forever. Near the table hangs the picture of Hitler.

From nine to ten Rector Kurtz teaches geography. His broad frame stands on the platform. 'Where did we stop, von Rübner?'

Beate von Rübner jumps up and says, 'We stopped at the Danish islands, Herr Rector.'

Kurtz twists the corner of his mouth into a smile. 'The Danish islands.' The rector raises his pointer. 'Hilde Wagner.'

The class holds its breath.

Hilde slowly gets up. 'Zealand, Laaland, Langeland, Falster, Möen, Bornholm.'

Hilde sits down. Rector Kurtz drops back in astonishment. The girls look at Hilde with shy amazement. A strange tension grips the class. A sound of beating drums comes from outside.

Grete and Hilde cross the courtyard arm in arm. They speak quietly. 'When did they take him?'

'Yesterday. To Oranienburg.'

'To the concentration camp?'

Hilde nods and bows her head.

The girls walk slowly around the courtyard. It is too cold to stand still.

'Hilde . . .'

Hilde looks at her friend. Grete presses her arm and whispers, 'This afternoon we're preparing broadsheets about the food and heat in the school. The business with the picture is coming out fine.'

Hilde suddenly stands still. She has tears in her eyes. She rubs her nose.

'I can't go home. My mother is n't there.' A pause. A stream of shouting, laughing girls flows by. 'She's cleaning up at my uncle's.' Then the flood of tears breaks.

'That's not so bad,' says Grete. 'My mother sells newspapers. She has to get up early, at about four in the morning, when it's still dark.'

Grete looks about her. The court is almost empty. The last stragglers are just going through the door. The two girls soon reach the class room. 'Books out.'

Hilde reaches under her desk. A package lies on top of her books. She pulls the books out first. During the hour she carefully unwraps the package under the desk. It contains an apple and two slices of buttered bread. Then she feels warm all over. 'I am not all alone.' She would like to know who left it there. It was not Grete.

The remaining hours pass quickly until the final bell rings. Girls rush out of the class rooms. Books are tucked back in the desks, hats and coats are seized from their hooks. Groups of two and three friends hurry downstairs. The teachers walk out first. Two of the elder girls are whispering on the landing. Hilde says to Grete, 'I am coming with you.' Grete looks at her. Both of them smile. They are happy. The stairway is empty. The cleaning women come with mops and pails. The old school servant closes the door.

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An article from the leading Madrid daily summarizes at length a book on the oil industry that has just appeared in France where it received scant notice.

The Fight *for* OIL

By A Special Correspondent

Translated from the *Sol*,
Madrid Republican Daily

SODOM and Gomorrah were not destroyed by fire from Heaven but by flames that spouted from the earth—by burning oil. The same fate will overtake many modern cities, indirectly. Oil inflames war, and war will consume cities and even countrysides for the sin of loving petroleum, which is death itself.

Only one alternative exists within the framework of the present economic system—the manufacture of artificial petroleum on which the gigantic German chemical trust, I. G. Farben, is now engaged. If its experiments succeed, coal will replace oil, for a little solid coal produces much liquid fuel and keeps the machines running.

Machines, including those of war, require petroleum, natural or artificial. Machines increase. Oil deposits are being exhausted. Others must be sought and conquered, and this process requires more machines, which, in turn, demand more oil. Upon oil depends the conquest of sky, land, and sea, and in order to conquer land, sky, and sea one must conquer oil and vice versa. It is a vicious circle that condemns men to a war unto death.

This war is now being waged quietly and in secret, and no book describes it more clearly and dramatically than *La guerre secrète pour le pétrole* by Antoine Zischka, which the house of Plon has just published in Paris. One does not have to seek melodrama in detective stories—here it is in real life, with real characters, concrete facts and documents. The rulers of the world break and make dictators, foment and crush revolutions. On reading M. Zischka's book we feel as if we were governed by characters created by Dostoievski and Edgar Wallace.

Four figures stand out: John D. Rockefeller, president of Standard Oil

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and leader of the North American oil interests; Sir Henri Deterding, Dutch Director-General of Royal Dutch and leading organizer of the English petroleum interests; Marcus Samuel, later Viscount Bearsted, founder of Shell and organizer with Deterding of the same interests; Harry Sinclair who was ruined three times and each time became a millionaire again.

The struggle for oil is waged between England and the United States. The weapons used are the governments and officials of various countries. The victims are as infinite and varied as all mankind. Deterding and Rockefeller oppose each other, but that does not prevent them from uniting to oppose a third. Deterding, shrewder and abler than his rival, has succeeded in acquiring the richest deposits in Persia, Iraq, Mexico, South America, and elsewhere; he has even penetrated the United States. Rockefeller has waged a brutal war upon him; Deterding has retaliated with more refined weapons. The English have had the assistance of polyglot agents like Sidney Reilly, Colonel Lawrence, Gertrude Bell, and others, who bent the kings of Persia and Arabia to their will and persuaded them to accept thousands of pounds in exchange for oil concessions. Petroleum won the War for the Allies. 'A drop of petroleum is worth a drop of blood,' said Clémenceau. Standard Oil then sent him the wherewithal for victory.

II

The history of the acquisition of most oil deposits is no more noble than the history of most oil magnates. Twenty years before the War, a Canadian engineer, named William Knot D'Arcy, secured authorization from the Shah of Persia to visit that country. There he began a determined search for the substance that used to yield a white flame in the ancient temples and symbolized the god of fire. After years of wandering through the desert with crucifix, Bible, and divining rod, he saw oil gushing north of the Persian gulf. D'Arcy had received from the Shah a document which authorized him, his friends, aids, and descendants to register, bore, and extract petroleum from Persian soil for seventy-seven years. But when he finally discovered what he had been seeking he had reached a ripe old age and had acquired a certain love for Persia. He said that he did not wish the vultures of business to descend upon the country and proposed destroying his document. Six million pounds were offered for it but D'Arcy refused, and the English then set about getting the document for nothing. D'Arcy sailed for the United States. On the trip he made the acquaintance of a clergyman who persuaded him to hand over the document so that Christian missions could penetrate Persia. But oil men and not missionaries were the ones who entered. The document came to rest in the British Admiralty, which secretly exploited the petroleum of Persia. The clergyman was an agent called Rosenblum, alias Sidney Reilly.

From then on, Persia became England's vassal. Not until several years after the War did another secret agent called Einhorn, who was in the service of the Soviets, threaten Britain's power and get the Shah to annul Britain's privileges. Einhorn is the most able, formidable, and mysterious figure who has yet appeared in oil

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intrigues. He made Russia a great petroleum power and is Deterding's most dangerous rival. Einhorn initiated a policy of *rapprochement* between the United States and the Soviet Union by collaborating with the Standard Oil against the Shell interests. These efforts culminated in the recent visit of Litvinov to North America.

III

But not all concessions are won merely by stealing documents. Some papers are bought and paid for, though at a low price. British agents, for instance, seek other agents in the country they wish to acquire. The case of Mexico is an example. The Mexican Indian still lives in an agrarian, semi-patriarchal system, he does not appreciate the value of money, and it is very difficult to make him part with his land. English or American agents use Mexicans to persuade the Indian who does not understand the Anglo-Saxons; he is not interested in machines or luxury; he wishes only to be left alone with his land, his cattle, and his friends. When persuasive methods fail the agents bribe the government authorities to force the Indians to sell. And not only do they bribe authorities—they promote them, place them in power, give them money, influence, and, if necessary, arms. The Indian, on the other hand, becomes a desperate pariah when he is uprooted from the soil. He loses all sense of responsibility, he earns money at the oil wells, gets drunk, turns bandit—in other words, becomes excellent material for an ambitious general who is supported by the oil promoters. They steal the Indian's land, thus obliging him to support the man in power, and the leader, in turn, obliges more Indians to sell their land. Another vicious circle. 'Since the English came to Mexico,' says Zischka, 'there has been nothing but revolutions.'

The same procedure occurs in Argentina, in Venezuela, everywhere. The situation in Venezuela is unbelievable. The whole country has been transformed into a colony controlled by Deterding and Juan Vicente Gómez whom the oil magnate placed in power. Venezuela is perhaps the richest oil country in the world, and Juan Vicente Gómez, who taxes the petroleum that the English transport in enormous quantities to nearby Curaçao, has made himself personal master of another fountain of wealth—cattle. Gómez raised the export tax to a higher level than the cattle were worth and this naturally gave rise to protests and rebellions. But the oil men's money and his own as well have made it easy for him to defend himself. He has created a fantastic spy system. In some hotels the acoustics are so arranged that from a certain room one can hear anything said in all the others. Torture has been employed in its most terrible forms. A multitude of people in Venezuela have lost their ears by having tourniquets applied to the backs of their heads. The victims confess and involve other accomplices, real or imaginary. Juan Vicente Gómez needs prisoners to make roads; Deterding needs the roads to transport petroleum. Another vicious circle that enslaves a whole people to the oil that is taken away by foreigners. Juan Vicente Gómez is called the president of highways. Like the pyramids, they were built by squads of slaves.

But oil men are not always success-

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ful. They sometimes meet defeat when they encounter forces that are stronger than money. This happened in Turkey when Mustafa Kemal came into power. The present century has brought forth few statesmen comparable to this former shepherd who is now a shepherd of men. After the War the English were preparing to pierce the heart of Mosul and Mesopotamia but found themselves confronted by the incisive national energy of the Ghazi. They could not extract oil. Deterding then played his last card—indirect war. He made an agreement with the legendary Basil Zaharoff, who served both the Allies and the Germans, who was given a title by the English for his work in the secret service, and who is to-day master of the Casino of Monte Carlo. In 1915 Zaharoff had placed Venizelos on the Greek 'throne.' Through Zaharoff, Deterding got three hundred thousand Greek soldiers to hurl themselves against the Turks. At the same time, Faisal, who had been made king of Iraq by an agent of the British Intelligence Service, the pleasant and mysterious Gertrude Bell, invaded Syria, which was in the hands of the French and was supporting the 'gray wolf,' Mustafa Kemal. A hundred thousand Greek soldiers died, all on account of Deterding and other oil men. But Kemal threw his genius and his nationalist forces in the war against the Greek troops and made himself impregnable. All strategy failed. England did not wish to espouse the cause openly and dropped it. Here we detect one strand in the good relations between the Soviets and Mustafa Kemal, relations that surprise many people since their two systems of government are so different. In reality, the purpose of their rapprochement is to make a common front against the English petroleum interests in the Near East.

Many examples of the international oil intrigue exist. We shall pass over the tariff struggle, chiefly between Shell and Standard Oil, the internal bribes and pressure, the banking combinations, and stock-exchange manœuvres. Since petroleum is the most highly prized of all raw materials,—grain, cotton, and iron pale beside it,—it dominates the world. Deterding thought he could become master of it by eliminating the Russians from the market. Married to the daughter of a Russian officer, he reserved his bitterest hatred for the Soviets whom he despised both as Communists and competitors. It was he who financed the counter-revolutionary forces of White Russians from 1918 to 1921. This was the greatest error of his life. The Soviets also have able agents, who can apply sabotage, set wells on fire, and bribe governments. In his hatred of them, he or his allies even forged the notes of a Soviet Bank, but nothing could stop the advance of the power then in process of formation.

A kind of grand masonry or agreement exists between the great industrialists of the world, and the country or government that wishes to destroy their system will inherit only dead matter. The experience and brains that keep industry moving will perish with the present system and its enemies will have to begin from the bottom. But Russia, with a system that lives side by side with the capitalist system, is acquiring and making use of this experience. That is why Deterding hated the Soviets and wished to destroy them. But here, as

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in the case of Mustafa Kemal, his calculations failed.

Another of his attacks against the Soviets was made through the Hitlerites. With the aid of a lawyer, George Bell, who won the confidence of the National Socialists, Deterding came to their assistance. Hitler spoke —and speaks in *Mein Kampf*—of conquering Russian territory and of forming an alliance with England. Deterding was pleased with this offensive. Bell asked him for money for Hitler and Deterding provided it. But later Bell betrayed the Nazis, and they assassinated him. Hitlerism and its Storm Troops seized power and discredited themselves in the eyes of the Dutch-English oil man, who saw that for his purposes they were like the White Russians and would lead him to ruin.

The silent war between the oil trusts is complex and manifold. There is an essential difference between Deterding and Rockefeller, between England and the United States. Deterding is the son of a captain, the product of an old culture; Rockefeller is the son of a clergyman, the product of a young, robust people. Rockefeller flooded the world with oil as if its wells would never run dry, underselling his competitors; Deterding seized new deposits, using all the resources of science, cleverness, politics. The past belongs to Rockefeller; the future, unless God intervenes, will be Deterding's or his successors'. The only alternative is for him to be despoiled, directly or indirectly, of his oil deposits. Since the fall of Hoover, who was an enemy of Standard Oil, the latter has resumed the offensive. Here also we have a reason for the recognition of Russia.

But there was one struggle in which Deterding and Standard Oil fought side by side. Spaniards will wish to hear about it, since it involves Primo de Rivera's attempt to prevent foreign oil companies from exploiting his country. It was a good idea, but Primo lacked the genius and energy of Mustafa Kemal. He tried to confiscate the properties of Deterding and the Standard Oil, paying them seventy-five million pesetas for holdings that they considered worth three hundred million. War was declared against the dictator. Oil prices immediately fell all over the world. Spain had paid much more for its supplies and thus suffered a loss. The aim of the oil companies was to incite the consuming public against the dictator, who had promised lower prices. When the Spanish reserves were exhausted Deterding and the Standard Oil refused to sell any more to that country and Spain was forced to buy from the Russians, who, knowing that no other supplies were available, sent Spain the worst they had. Deterding rejoiced when the Spanish dictator had to turn to his most hated enemies, the Bolshevists, and meanwhile launched a newspaper campaign against Spanish food products.

IV

We have seen struggles for oil, struggles against countries that have oil deposits. We have yet to learn about wars between victorious powers for the division of loot. A petroleum well does not last forever. If new wells are not discovered, quarrels, even armed battles, arise over the existing ones. A great many machines now lie idle, but as soon as some future conflict starts them up again the con-

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sumption of oil will exhaust the reserves. Oil men have declared a war to the death on the German chemical industry that is liquefying coal. Who will win?

We have enumerated only a few of the crimes of oil, following the documented book of M. Zischka, which, even from the French point of view, bears no taint of partiality. The author has studied the matter not only in his library but also on the field of action. He has visited the chief oil deposits in the world, known the most notable secret agents, seen the fires they have lit, talked with the leading magnates, and viewed with distress the workers employed in the industry.

The last part of the book is the most dramatic and moving. How many anonymous victims has petroleum claimed? Some men drive cars loaded with explosives to the oil fields and some day they will end by flying skywards with their automobiles. These sullen-faced men with bright eyes and pockets full of money transport their own death, for the slightest jar may explode the nitroglycerine. They await their end at any minute, at each turn of the road, but they are not afraid, for they would rather live well for a short time than live badly all their lives. Mexican Indians are taken from the agrarian life to the pestilential oil fields where they die like flies. Others take their place. Human life is valueless.

Oil workers lose their self-esteem and become demoralized. Their life varies according to the region. Along the frozen coast of Patagonia, where the wind hurls masses of sand against the houses, they suffer tortures. Money earned in such a wilderness has little value. Some buy morphine and other drugs. Human life is worth little to the oil kings and their disregard for it infects their victims, to whom forgetfulness of life becomes more important than life itself. Some, like the conveyors of explosives, expose themselves to incalculable dangers in order to be able to retire to a less dangerous life. They are the 'salamanders' and put out fires by hurling loads of dynamite into the flaming wells in order to displace oxygen. These conflagrations are almost always the results of sabotage by rival interests.

But these everyday dramas are a mere prelude to a great tragedy, which, if other factors do not intervene, may take place in the near future. Spengler and the Fascists talk of a struggle between the white and colored races, between Occident and Orient. This coincides with the obvious fact that as oil deposits become exhausted the powers will try to conquer areas where deposits are known to exist—in Asia. Russia blocks the way. She herself needs oil for her machines, which are becoming more numerous every day, and is watching the moves of England. The United States is trying to increase its fleet and become queen of the seas. The Standard Oil is trying to drive down the dollar in order to sell at lower prices, and Deterding is answering by trying to devaluate the Dutch guilder. The present struggle for markets depends largely on transportation, tankers, and pipe lines. The struggle to come may be called a war of races, classes, or some other name. But it will be fought over oil. And oil will reign like King Macbeth.

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John Sparrow's new book, *Sense and Poetry*, just published in England by Constable, is reviewed at length by the foremost critic in the British Isles.

Meaning *in* Modern Verse

By DESMOND MACCARTHY

From the *Sunday Times*,
London Conservative Sunday Paper

WHEN reviewing Mr. T. S. Eliot's *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* I quoted a passage from it about the value of intelligibility in poetry. I propose to requote this passage as it bears upon the main topic of Mr. Sparrow's book:—

'The chief use of the "meaning" of a poem, in the ordinary sense, may be (for here again I am speaking of some kinds of poetry and not all) to satisfy one habit of the reader, to keep his mind diverted and quiet, while the poem does its work upon him—much as the imaginary burglar is always provided with a bit of meat for the house dog.

'Some of the poetry to which I am most devoted is poetry that I did not understand at first reading; some is poetry that I am not sure I understand yet: for instance, Shakespeare's. And, finally, there is the difficulty caused by the author's having left out something that the reader is used to finding; so that the reader, bewildered, gropes about for what is absent, and puzzles his head for a kind of "meaning" that is not there and is not meant to be there.'

This is only too true, and it is often impossible to know when one ought to look for a meaning, as Mr. Eliot does while reading Shakespeare, and when it is vain to do so. Sometimes it is obviously vain. It is with Mr. Hugo Ball, for instance, who has said, speaking of his school, 'We sought to give the separated word the fullness of a spell, the flame of a star. And, strange to say, the magically filled vocable charmed and bore a new phrase that was not conditioned by any conventional sense. Touching upon a hundred thoughts without naming them, this phrase evoked the sunken, irrational being of the hearer; it awakened and strengthened the lowest strata of memory.' This is what Mr. Eliot means by 'that feeling

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for syllable and rhythm penetrating far below the conscious levels of thought and feeling,' which he calls 'auditory imagination.' The difference between them lies in the stratum to which their work appeals. Mr. Eliot thinks some sort of meaning essential; his auditory imagination 'works through meanings, or not without meanings in the ordinary sense.' I do not suppose he would see much value in these verses of Mr. Ball:—

gadji beri bimba
glandridi lauli lonni cadori
gadjama bim beri glassala
glandradi glassala tuffm i zimbrabim
blassa galassasa tuffm i zimbrabim.

Mr. Ball, you see, appeals to a lower level of consciousness than the one that Mr. Eliot addresses.

II

M. Jean Paulhan, in his *Jacob Cow, le pirate*, says, 'We do not directly speak out our thought. We speak our words. . . . We no longer need to think, the phrases are enough.' As a result, a considerable amount of pretentious bosh is poured out in every language to-day, which critics abstain from saying is worthless for 'fear of offending the unknown beauty' or being despised by the young. I notice reviewers usually quote a line or two of such poetry, adding that the passage has undoubtedly the ring of true poetry—and say no more. They do not mention that the passage occurs in a rigmarole that may have neither verbal charm nor imaginative sense; nor do they allow for the fact that if a writer abandons his mind to chance associations and lets his phrases 'think for him' sooner or later he may well hit out a line or two that, when removed from the context, have a deep suggestiveness. No poems gain more from being quoted, and, as a rule, lose more by being read through, than those written by poets who have based their practice on Mallarmé's observation, which M. Jean Paulhan was echoing: 'l'œuvre pure implique la disparition du poète, qui cède l'initiative aux mots.' Apart from that—which is a matter of method—Mallarmé's poetic aim was to establish 'une relation entre les images, exacte, et que s'en détache un tiers aspect fusible et clair présenté à la divination.' That is to say, he trusted that in the end a succession of images and analogies would reveal to the divining reader some pervasive idea. If that pervasive idea, that 'tiers aspect,' was an important part of his poems, he often failed to communicate it. His famous sonnet, 'Le vierge, le vivace et le bel aujourd'hui,' has been interpreted as an eternal protest of the poet who feels himself powerless to translate his inner dream into words, as a series of analogies suggested by the word swan, and as a declaration of faith that posterity will revenge a misunderstood writer. Doubtless its pervasive idea has been divined in several other ways as well. All that its admirers really have in common is their response to such lovely lines as the famous one just quoted.

The other master and forerunner of the 'modern' poetry, Rimbaud, also encouraged obscurity. He is largely responsible for what has happened since. 'Rimbaud,' says a modern French critic, 'plants himself in the world within him: he speaks only of and for himself. . . . He has smashed eloquence, discovered new

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images and comparisons, taught a new melody, and, above all, animated all that with an immense ambition—the will to repulse the exterior world, the enemy that must be conquered.' Rimbaud was a poet of Nihilistic and pernicious individualism. No one ever tried more vehemently to live alone, completely alone, in his own inner chaos. But, of course, he failed to maintain that attitude. It is impossible to assert for long your private world against the world without embracing insanity. He gave up writing, took to commerce, joined the Catholic Church.

These are the two masters of specifically 'modern' poetry. The one encourages modern poets to follow the associations of words apart from their meanings and trust to the result being more coherent than they perhaps perceive themselves; the other encourages them to introduce associations that are personal to the writer, for the understanding of which a complete knowledge of the author's external and internal life would be necessary. Mr. Sparrow examines (with examples) the two different kinds of obscurity that result from following these two poets, and his book is valuable in showing what 'modern' poets lose by abandoning 'not a meaning of a particular kind, not merely a message, but meaning altogether' and exalting instead 'other functions of language, hitherto considered subsidiary,' exploiting them 'so that the element of meaning is often not merely overshadowed but quite ignored.' Certainly they have discovered a new source of æsthetic pleasure. But, he asks, at what cost?

John Sparrow's *Sense and Poetry* is a most useful piece of work, and his analysis is admirable. But it will be useful only if it finds more readers among the young than the old. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the sting of Mr. Sparrow's book lies not so much in the theoretic discussions that occupy most of the book as in his examination of specimens of 'modern' poetry that have received high praise. Is this poetry really as good as its admirers have supposed?

III

He takes a poem called 'Sunset,' by Mr. E. E. Cummings, which is an attempt to work on our imaginations solely through staccato suggestions. He does not choose it because he thinks it bad himself but because Mr. Robert Graves admires it.

stinging
gold swarms
upon the spires
silver
chants the litanies the
great bells are ringing with rose
the lewd fat bells
and a tall
wind
is dragging
the
sea
with
dream
-s

Mr. Graves has expanded these suggestions most ingeniously into the following poem:—

White foam and vesper wind embrace.
The salt air stings my dazzled face
And sunset flecks the silvery seas
With glints of gold like swarms of bees
And lifts tall dreaming spires of light
To the imaginary sight,
So that I hear loud mellow bells
Swinging as each great wave swells,
Wafting God's perfumes on the breeze,
And chanting of sweet litanies.

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When jovial monks are on their knees,
Bell pornched and lifting glutton eyes
To windows rosy as the skies.
And this slow wind—how can my dreams
forget—
Dragging the waters like a fishing net.

And then Mr. Sparrow asks if Mr. Cummings' poem is not superior? Personally, I do not think so, but Mr. Graves does. Mr. Sparrow contents himself with saying that Mr. Graves's 'is slightly the less pleasing of the two. Mr. Graves's comment reveals the attitude of many modern writers and critics toward the art of literature. Two unpleasant pieces are put before us, and we are told that if the author had not written the first in his own new method he would have had to write the second in the method of his predecessors.'

Mr. Sparrow does not see the necessity. He takes, then, a poem by Mr. Ezra Pound, which Mr. Eliot has praised, and examines it. His strictures are, to my mind, fully justified. He then chooses 'Mauberly II,' which Mr. Leavis has praised in the following terms: 'The poem is poignantly personal, and yet—in its technical perfection, its ironical economy—impersonal and detached. Consider, for instance, the consummate reserve of

Unable in the supervening blankness
To sift TO AGATHON from the chaff
Until he found his sieve . . .
Ultimately, his seismograph.

With what subtle force the shift of image in the last line registers the realization that the "orchid" was something more, the impact more than æsthetic. And with inevitability the "seismograph" and the scientific terminology and manner of what follows convey the bitter irony of realization in retrospect.'

'One of the most admired of modern critics,' says Mr. Sparrow, 'is here appraising the chef d'œuvre of one of the most successful of modern poets; and yet it sounds much as if an impostor had duped a clever fool into writing high-sounding nonsense.'

I agree; but readers must be referred to the whole poem, which they will find in Mr. Sparrow's book. His object in writing this book has not been to be clever at the expense of 'modern' poets, but to show that they are following a false æsthetic. The most effective way of persuading them of this is not abstract argument, but a criticism of results, as unsparing as that which these poets and their admirers apply to the older poets.

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BOOKS ABROAD

LA BATAILLE DE L'OR. *By Francis Delaisi. Paris: Payot. 1933.*

(Léon Pierre-Quint in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*)

AMONG recent books I know of none more fascinating than *The Fight for Gold* by Francis Delaisi. In a clear and vibrant style the author reveals an aspect of our contemporary life that has remained unknown to the public at large. For fifteen years a terrific financial struggle has been ravaging the world. Political leaders such as Laval, Herriot, and MacDonald, followed by regiments of experts, have crossed the ocean at different times in order to reach some sort of agreement with the most important economic power in the world—the United States. This year the London Economic Conference gathered together representatives from sixty-six nations—but all in vain. Is it possible that we, like Stendhal's hero at Waterloo, have witnessed all these events and have understood nothing?

Stock markets fell, they rose again, then fell once more. Enormous masses of floating capital, threatened and hounded, emigrated from Berlin to London, from London to New York, from New York to Paris, and are now once more seeking refuge in London. The public believed that these phenomena were caused solely by economic necessity, just as, during the period of invasions, great hordes of men roved about in search of kinder lands, driven by epidemics and superstition. But M. Delaisi corrects this false notion. Is it the speculators who are at the back of this movement? No indeed. They themselves have unconsciously been 'handled' in this manœuvre. Behind the apparent economic reasons, behind the speculators, financial strategists firmly entrenched in their watchtowers—one at the Bank of England, the second at the Bank of France, the third at the Treasury in Washington—have struggled to win commercial and industrial supremacy, each for his own country.

'One bears down on the stock exchange,' M. Delaisi writes, 'the other retaliates by manipulating the price index. When one recalls his holdings from abroad, the other raises the price of gold. . . .' A war without mobilization of troops, or rather a war in which the fortunes of individuals are mobilized against their will. Thus have we lived among men who have directly influenced our destiny, our business, our possessions—knowing nothing of their tactics. Meanwhile the pacific instruments of economics, transformed into tools of war, have been distorted. The war of gold, like every other war, has left ruin in its wake.

Hostilities began, the author explains, after the Armistice, when the United States, expecting no more armament orders from England and France, suddenly withdrew her financial support. Immediately the franc and the pound began to fall. New York then tried to supplant London, which had for more than a century monopolized the world market for gold and bills of exchange, but America was unable to create an international banking system as extensive and wonderfully perfected as the

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English. When the pound returned to par, it was too late: London had saved her market. Thus ended the first financial battle.

The struggle began anew with the world crisis of 1929. Prices of raw materials having dropped considerably, it was possible to buy a much greater amount of merchandise with the same quantity of gold. A textile manufacturer, for instance, who had borrowed ten thousand dollars before the depression,—a sum that to him was the equal of two hundred measures of cloth,—would be forced to pay back these same ten thousand dollars, in the form of three, or four, or even five hundred measures of cloth. He was ruined. The consequences were catastrophic. If financial science has been turned topsy-turvy it is because the buying power of money—that is to say, its relation to prices—appears to be henceforth as important as its relation to gold—and, indeed, perhaps more important. The public has been slow to understand that the depression will end only when the price of raw materials has gone up, or—which is really the same thing—when the purchasing power of money has gone down.

Thus, when England was forced to devaluate the pound in September, 1931, as a result of unwise loans to Germany and Central Europe, the country experienced a moment of anguish. But soon the English realized that the price of wholesale goods, which was dropping everywhere else, remained stationary in their country. Their money, having lost its excessive purchasing power, was tending to return to the level of 1929. Montagu Norman was clever enough to profit by these new circumstances. Having drained all the gold out of India and Egypt he created the so-called 'equalization fund' and used it to lower or raise the pound at will, completely upsetting international speculation. Thus he recovered not only gold but foreign bills of exchange and continued this extraordinary mass of manœuvring. With unstable money he was able, paradoxically enough, to influence those countries that still clung to gold: London had retained her financial supremacy.

When Roosevelt, faced with the possibility of social revolution, devaluated the dollar, the leaders of British finance realized that they were about to lose their privileged position. Montagu Norman began buying the dollars that the Americans were selling. And this is what happened: 'a foreign government upheld the money of its neighbor, while the latter was doing all in its power to depreciate it.' Meanwhile, the struggle between the pound and the dollar experienced all sorts of adventure. France at the head of her gold bloc waged war on her own account.

To end these hostilities M. Delaisi proposes universal stabilization and a return to the gold standard. What hinders this system at the present time is the scarcity of gold, which some countries lack entirely. The author suggests that we start out by devaluating all currencies, perhaps 20 per cent, by 'revaluating,' in consequence, the metallic reserves of all banks of issue, and by appropriating part of this gold and depositing it in a central international organization to which all countries would henceforth address themselves so that they could make payments in gold if they had an unfavorable trade balance. My only fear

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is that this redistribution of gold would not last very long if all the rest of the world's economic equipment remained out of gear.

It is true that th. is an age-old device, one that has often been used on the morrow of great social upheavals. The silver pound, which weighed nearly a full pound at the time of Charlemagne, had dwindled to a few grams by the time Louis XIV came to the throne. But, if the devaluation of money was formerly hated by the people, it would be harmless to-day when gold is not used in individual, but only in governmental, transactions. The public at large would not even be aware of devaluation if it were done internationally.

M. Delaisi believes that we shall have to come to this, whether we like it or not. When prices have fallen and the buying power of money has risen beyond all reasonable bounds, a readjustment becomes necessary—not manœuvres by individual governments but a simultaneous readjustment that would permit the gold-exchange system to function normally.

UEBER LIBIDINÖSE TYPEN. *By Sigmund Freud. Vienna: Internationale Zeitschrift für Psychoanalyse. Volume XVII. Number 3. 1933.*

(Dr. Alfred Winterstein in the *Neue Freie Presse*)

HUMAN beings have a natural desire to classify everything and to reduce the infinite variety of individuals to a few fundamental types. Thanks to this curiosity, the tireless creator of psychoanalysis has written a new small book in his old age. When a man with Sigmund Freud's vast knowledge of human nature gives us the result of years of experience in defining various types, he interests a circle of readers that extends far beyond the specialists.

People can be classified on physical or spiritual grounds, but the most useful approach takes account of the inevitable correspondence of physical and psychic attributes in certain individuals. E. Kretschmer's book, entitled *Physical Structure and Character*, presented such an attempt. But Freud doubts that it is possible to make such distinctions and confines himself to listing psychological types only. In regard to making classifications on the basis of which element in the libido predominates—the id, the ego, or the super-ego—I shall merely state Freud's opinion that another method of classification might be equally valid. It is much more important that Freud's typology should be able to deal thoroughly with the living material of normal, sound individuals who present themselves to his attention, for Freud expressly states that his three chief types even in their extreme forms do not correspond to various disorders 'and thus help to bridge the alleged gulf between the normal and the pathological.'

Three fundamental types are then described—the erotic, the Narcissine, and the repressive. There is no great difficulty in characterizing the erotic type. The erotics are people all of whose ideas and actions belong to the love life. To love, which means to be loved, is to them more important than anything else. Fear of losing love dominates them. They are distinguished by a peculiar dependence on those whose love they might lose. This type often appears in its pure form and is most common in the female sex. Of course, an old man like

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the seventy-three-year-old Goethe will sometimes complain, 'It goes hard with me if I am neither beloved nor in love with someone.' Derivations from this type occur when elements of another type are blended with it, imparting to it a certain element of aggressiveness, for Freud distinguishes between two fundamental impulses—the erotic and the aggressive, whose aim is destruction. The objective scholar assumes a subjective prejudice if he does not attach enough social and cultural importance to the erotic type, since this type also possesses creative power.

The next type Freud describes as the repressive type for reasons which I shall not explain here. This type is distinguished by the predominance of conscience and is governed by the fear of an inner voice instead of by the fear of losing love. It is thus subject to inner, rather than outer, dependence. Obviously, moral men with a sense of sin and an inclination toward religiosity and superstition possess a high degree of independence and, from a social point of view, represent the conservative perpetuators of culture. Kant was an outstanding representative of this valuable type.

The third type, the Narcissine, which takes its name from the Greek character of Narcissus, who was in love with his own person, is essentially negative. He is not troubled by the demands of his conscience nor is he overpowered by erotic needs. He is chiefly interested in maintaining himself and a high opinion of his own person. The Narcissine type is independent and not easily bullied. He possesses a high degree of aggressiveness and is always ready for action. In his love life he loves best of all to be loved, and this characteristic of the Narcissist produces strange results. Representatives of this type impose themselves as strong personalities by whom others like to be led. They are therefore primarily adapted to play the rôle of leader. They have a destructive influence on the continuation or maintenance of culture. One thinks of Napoleon in this connection.

But it must be pointed out that in actual experience mixed types are more common than pure ones. The erotic-Narcissist type is perhaps the most common. The conflicts this type suffers are not infrequently assuaged by outside influences. One also recognizes the aggressiveness and activity that this type possesses. Concerning the other mixed types, I need only say that Freud considers the Narcissine-repressive type as the most valuable from a cultural point of view, since it combines independence and respect for the demands of its own conscience with capacity for energetic activity.

Freud replies to the question of why he has never in all his experience encountered a mixture of all three types by saying that such a type would not be a type at all but absolute normality, ideal harmony. Yet Goethe represented such a type, combining as he did a rich love life, strong moral powers, and an unceasingly active impulse toward self-fulfillment.

As the discoverer of psychoanalytical neurosis, Freud is naturally interested in the form of mental disorder to which each type is most inclined. He expresses the opinion that mixed types are perhaps more inclined to suffer from neurosis than pure types with more sharply marked characteristics. When the erotic type is mentally deranged it takes the form of

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hysteria, just as the conscientious, repressive type suffers from a kind of repression neurosis. But if the Narcissist is cut off from the outer world by some pathogenic disturbance, he falls into psychosis, insanity, or crime.

Freud does not say whether the qualities of a definite type can undergo changes in the course of life, even as a result of profound psychoanalysis. Nor does he state whether natural endowment or early experience is more important in developing a type. I believe that one should not underestimate the constitutional factor and that one should consider the possibilities of inheriting certain characteristics, the repressive ones, for example.

This new work by such a brilliant student of human nature deserves the full attention of biographers, and others who make a study of man. It will certainly become part of our daily conversation, just like the significance of dreams and the Œdipus complex.

LE GÉNIE DE PAUL CLAUDEL. *By Jacqués Madaule. Paris: Desclée et Brouwer. 1933.*

(Gabriel Marcel in the *Europe Nouvelle*)

M. MADAULE'S *Genius of Paul Claudel* is the first really complete study that has been made of the work of the greatest contemporary French poet. My only regret is that the editor omitted certain analyses of Claudel's dramas on the ground that they were too complex and obscure. This omission has caused a certain disequilibrium for which M. Madaule is in no way responsible. If the book is ever reëdited, I hope it will be possible to include what the present editor has omitted.

'The general idea of my life and my calling,' M. Claudel writes in the preface, 'you have felt correctly—a great desire, a great longing for divine joy and an attempt to link to it the entire world, the world of feeling, of ideas, of peoples, of landscapes, an attempt to bring the entire universe back to its original rôle of Paradise. To praise God nothing less would have sufficed than the whole of man with his entire mind and spirit, nothing less than the entire world through which I have traced a path.' This fully confirms M. Madaule's admirable conclusion from which I quote:—

'It is a testimony that Paul Claudel has brought us. We must recognize in him one of the witnesses of Christ who are the landmarks of human history. . . . A witness has no value in himself but only in the truth he bears witness to. Claudel, therefore, never appears on the scene, and in his quiet humility he would certainly hold his work well worth while if it were to sink into oblivion after having brought back a single human soul to God.'

I believe, however, that certain restrictions should be made at this point. I do not think that humility is one of Claudel's characteristics, and I must add that I do not see how it can dwell side by side with his magnificent poetic gift at its highest level. Such things can happen only to a Saint John of the Cross. But Claudel is not a Saint John; in many ways, he is a man of letters. A saint can be a poet; he can never be a man of letters. I apologize for introducing at this point a distinction that seems essential, for we confront in Claudel an exceedingly complex reality. That he always claimed to write—and his claim was quite sincere—*ad majorem Dei gloriam* is unquestionably true. To doubt it would

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be to miss the full significance of his work.

But at the same time Claudel is a man besieged by human foibles, a man who cultivates his relation to what is human along with his creative power and his capacity for mystic exaltation. Hence arise certain complexities, the details of which do not concern M. Madaule, since he is writing of Claudel's genius and not of his humanity. But when it will be desirable to treat in full this immense and admirable subject—and this will be possible only after the publication of his correspondence, which will be far more important, rich, and 'enlightening' than Proust's—we shall have to face these delicate problems. M. Madaule has intentionally refrained from discussing the psychology of the poet as he had the right to do in so far as the work of Claudel tends to identify itself with the 'universe' to which it is consecrated.

With a generosity and an intellectual fervor that are almost unique M. Madaule has succeeded in catching the very rhythm of Claudel's halleluiah. His analysis of the *Five Great Odes* and the *Poetic Art* can be taken as a model. But it is precisely because he is so completely on the inside of his subject that he is unable, strictly speaking, to appreciate it. He cannot evaluate Claudel because he shares his sense of values, and it is thus that we see him avoiding the most delicate, the most dangerous, but also the most valuable part of the critic's task. M. Madaule's book is a faithful paraphrase of Claudel's work: he never transcends it—and this is, be it said, the result of a perfect modesty that gives the book so touching and persuasive an accent.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

When a Humorist Is n't a Humorist

IT ALL began when Graham Greene said A. A. Milne was n't a humorist but 'a cheer leader in a great community laugh.' Laughter is the expression of an individuality, of what Dugas calls 'la réaction de l'individu contre l'ordre des choses établies qui l'écrase.' The best, therefore, that Mr. Greene can find to say about Mr. Milne and his kind is that 'they have clean minds, a refinement of the popular taste of their time, and that they believe (how they believe!) that they are right. Their rectitude is fatal to their humor, for if to be right means anything in their case at all it means the acceptance of the prevailing social codes, from which it should be the function of humor temporarily to release us.'

Being an Englishman, Mr. Milne wrote a letter to the editor,—British editors are expected to play fairy godmother to all of the better-educated people with grievances,—and reading that letter shattered our last illusions about Mr. Milne's talent as a humorist. In it he takes up Mr. Greene's bland remarks, dissects them, and exposes their falsity to public view, a method of attack that is like cracking peanuts with a sledge hammer. The pity of it is that Mr. Milne is never quite so dull as when he tries to defend his rights as a humorist. He made one sharp thrust, however: he accused Mr. Greene of harboring sex repressions. We hope he is n't right, but even if he is Mr. Greene has said that 'rectitude is fatal to humor.'

The Principia and Hamlet

NOT content with having tried to reconcile science and economics in our October issue Bassett Jones, author of *Debt and Production* and *Horses and Apples*, has sent us a few paragraphs showing how much there is in common between science and literature, between Newton and Shakespeare. Here is the line of thought he follows:—

'A friend of mine, who is vastly more competent in the use of mathematics than I can ever hope to be, once emphatically announced that "mathematics is the only science that leads us to truth. By it we know, and we know that we know." In reply I recited that now rather time-worn statement by Russell: "Mathematics is that science in which we know neither what we are talking about nor whether what we say is true." Strange as it may seem, both of these statements are in equal degree correct, and both must be taken with at least a grain of salt.

'The common sense of both definitions is this: my friend thought of applied mathematics, Russell wrote of pure mathematics. In the latter case, we deal with purely conceptual entities, those pale casts of thought that have their existence only in an imaginary world, a sphere of *Ding an sich's*. This is an abstract world freed from the fleshy screen of actualities, a mental space wherein such things as points, straight lines, and planes exist. It is that world whereof the most general account of its contents, also in Russell's words, is "that class of propositions in which P implies Q." A world of pure reason, and truth is common reason.

'In contact with the world of actualities, only in so far as we can find the nature of such actualities reflected in the mirror of the stage whereon our abstract concepts are the actors, do we discern some sort of reason amid the seeming chaos of experience. So must we add to our cast of actors and continually rewrite the play if it is to hold for us some semblance of what experience portends. Thus, only through the meaningful play of concepts can we see

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meaning in experience and give it the life of reason.

'So, when mathematics is applied to things it must set forth the order of such things. Then Russell's definition becomes a propositional function in which P is some conceptual order found to endure within some class of our experience, and Q is what, by implication, reason makes of this. If, and only when, such implications find some correspondence in the same class of experience, can we properly assert that Q is also true of P.

'So it has always seemed to me that, save for a difference in material and the use of reason, in *Hamlet* the great bard has set before us much the same sort of characterization as Newton did in the *Principia*. Shakespeare shows us on the stage the orderly play of abstract human passions, true because we also find within ourselves deep and underlying correlated emotions. Each one of us fills in the propositional function he sets before us. We supply the Q's for his P.

'Newton, too, gives us but what conceptual orders he reads in the book of nature and sets them forth in verse. Indeed, few men have written so grand an epic poem as the *Principia*. Again we find within ourselves the implications of his proposition. What difference, then? Merely a form of words, a change in characterization. One treats of human orders, the other of physical orders. But both are forms of reason. And so I venture the assertion that *Hamlet* is perhaps the greatest work of science ever written. Indeed, "by it we know, and we know that we know." Is it that by so little as a mode of expression the poet differs at heart from the scientist?'

Propaganda and Translation

THOSE who still think of literature as a sanctuary from the muck and mire of the political scene will be disappointed to find that the citadel is not impregnable and that the literary field has its muddy spots. Zaslavski, writing in the *Pravda*, tells how the Soviet novelist Sholokhov was sheared and clipped by some White translators:—

'In old Russia they used to speak of their clever thieves with a sort of national pride: they cut the very soles off the shoes you're wearing, people would say. To-day this ancient Russian art is flourishing abroad among the émigrés, and only recently the well-known Soviet writer, Sholokhov, was the victim of this "truly Russian" talent: in Paris he had his soles cut off.

'Gallimard published a translation of Sholokhov's *The Upturned Soil* under the title *Les Défricheurs*, which means the ploughers, or simply the land clearers. The external appearance of the book is in itself suspicious: it is so very thin. The Russian original had 473 pages; the French translation has 350. The riddle is easily solved: the original had forty chapters, the translation thirty-three. The talented translators cut seven chapters, and, to be sure, the last ones.

'The chapters that mark the end of the book in the counterfeited translation describe the plundering of the warehouse in the kolkhoz and the powerlessness of the leaders to control the situation. The chairman of the kolkhoz, Davidov, is beaten up. At this point the translator stopped and insolently wrote "fin." In the original, seven more chapters follow, almost a hundred pages, in which the author describes the growing strength of the kolkhoz and its final triumph over the desire of the peasants to own land individually. In the chapter that is really the final one Sholokhov closes with the powerful speech of Liatevski, the drunken counter-revolutionary, to his friend, the White officer Polovzev: "And who are you, my noble lord? I ask you now. I'll tell you who you are . . . Want me to? Here goes . . . a patriot without a fatherland, a general without an army, and, if you find my comparisons a bit highfaluting, a gambler without a penny in his pocket."

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'The translators have hidden from the French public the picture of the growing power of the kolkhoz after Stalin had issued his historical letter and the counter-revolutionaries had been crushed. They have distorted a well-known writer and have cooked up a new "document" to fool the French reader into believing that the Soviet collective-farm policy has been a total failure.

'It is useless to linger over the falsification of the text. Here is just one example. On page 288 of Sholokhov's book "the oldest-looking Cossack, a member of the church council," under the influence of Stalin's letter gives up his membership in the counter-revolutionary group. In the "translation" on page 263 we read: "A Cossack, certainly the oldest one there and a member of the factory council . . ." The thief who did the translation lied in the interests of the White Guard, unable to stand the thought that the peasants, even the religious ones, have ceased to be the rampart of the counter-revolutionary kulaks.

'Who are these people who rob Soviet writers and disseminate anti-Soviet lies among the unsuspecting French readers? Sholokhov's book appeared in a series of young Russian writers, which is under the editorship of Boris de Schloezer, who declared in a short preface that the series was dedicated to purely literary pursuits, "far removed from all political preoccupations." The gentleman with the aristocratic *de* had to tell this lie in order to be able to introduce all sorts of counter-revolutionary trash. We have here a whole gang of Messieurs de Crook and Mesdames de Thief who have hoodwinked a French publishing house into letting them work under its name.

'And this should be carefully noted. Gallimard pretends to be a cultured organization. It is indeed a large firm and not a doubtful vendor of anti-Soviet and pornographic publications. This house had the worthy idea of acquainting the French public with Soviet literature. Obviously, a publisher has complete freedom in his selection of authors with only one restriction: to translate and not to distort for political interests—in this case, the interests of anti-Soviet agitation. The counterfeit by the translator and Monsieur de Schloezer is a black spot on a good cause: the popularization of Soviet writers among the French public.'

The Theatre—Fascist and Communist

GONE are the happy days when the theatre could proclaim its independence of political change. To-day in Germany and the U. S. S. R. we see how completely and effectively the ruling power can determine its fate. The Berlin correspondent of the London *Observer* gives us a sad view of Berlin, the city without a public:—

'The contemporary Berlin stage is hardly a good advertisement for National-Socialist "Kultur." The first two months of this theatre season have revealed a remarkable decline in the vitality of the Berlin stage, which for many years has been noted as the most exciting in Europe. The majority of the theatres that still manage to remain open are playing insignificant comedies to half-empty houses.

'Two Shakespeare plays, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Julius Cæsar*, and Schiller's *Maria Stuart* are the only classics so far presented. A couple of "national" plays, *The State Chancellor* and *Men Made Out of Earth*, have hardly set the Spree on fire. In the provinces, it is true, there have been many more ambitious efforts to produce a "national drama."

'While most of the newspapers ignore the theatre crisis,—it is almost high treason to suggest that things are not improving in Nazi Germany,—one Berlin critic, Paul Fechter, boldly comes out and asks what has become of Berlin's theatre public. After declaring that theatre directors are in search despairingly of both plays and public, he comes to the somewhat lame conclusion that the public that

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used to crowd the theatres so that it was always difficult to obtain a seat now attends political meetings, popular parades, festivals, and so forth.

'Herr Fechter's explanation deals with only one factor in the theatre stagnation. Jews played a leading rôle in Berlin's theatre life, both as directors and players, and as public. Many prominent men like Max Reinhardt and Leopold Jessner, who gave the tone to Berlin's theatre life, have gone.

'First nights, too, are not what they were. Then there is the question of finding plays: foreign plays are not wanted, nor plays by Jews. The so-called "national drama" is usually so dull that very few, even of the entranced Nazis, want to see it. One can guess, too, that there must be a kind of silent boycott of the theatre on the part of conscious anti-Nazi elements in the population who deliberately stay away from the theatre that they patronized so much in the past. For it was not the unthinking, "believing" Nazis who used to fill Berlin theatres; it was the Social Democrats, the Communists, the Liberals, and the Jews.

'One must also not forget that the Nazi efforts to raise money for this and that purpose are slowly squeezing the general public dry, so that there is little money left for theatres.'

While the Berlin theatres stand empty great plans are afoot for the development of the theatre in the Soviet Union. Those who would minimize the importance of the headline '200 theatres for the Ukraine' may say that New York City has as many. But remember that they have been built over many years and that no American, not even John D. Rockefeller himself, ever built more than two theatres at once. We hasten to add that of these two hundred Ukrainian theatres not one has yet been built. When the first one is finished we shall let you know. But meantime the project exists, the magnificent project presented in the *Izvestia* by T. Medvedev, head of the board of Culture and Art for the Soviet Socialistic Republics of the Ukraine:—

'These future theatres, according to the project, will be artistic creations in which all the cultural work of the country districts will be centralized. The theatre buildings are planned so as to be adapted for the showing of films, the production of plays and other spectacles, the performance of concerts, and the conducting of all cultural and educational activities. A place is provided for the orchestra, wash rooms for the artists, and even rooms where guest artists will be able to stay overnight. There will be special quarters for mass cultural work and libraries. The foyers of these theatres will be so spacious as to eliminate all crowding and jostling. The best architects in the Ukraine have been chosen to execute this project. When the work of drawing plans for these theatres is completed the matter will come up for discussion before the meetings in the collective farms.'

It should be remembered that these theatres are not intended for the great cities of the Ukraine—Odessa, Kiev, Kharkov—but for the villages of the collective farms. Whether or not the scheme is ever carried out in full detail, these two hundred theatres for the Ukraine are the most splendid witnesses to the desire for culture newly awakened in the Russian masses.

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

JAPAN'S MANCHURIAN ADVENTURE may well direct attention to some of the material factors involved in this storm over Asia. Numerous articles on Far Eastern affairs in THE LIVING AGE, to say nothing of frequent editorial citation and comment in its pages, emphasize the possibility that this storm may soon develop into a hurricane of world proportions. What are the plums in this hard-crusted but toothsome Manchurian pie, which, under the name Manchukuo, is now giving both nourishment and indigestion to its latest Jack Horner—Japan?

Below are some facts—a very few—touching on what might be called the 'resource strategy' (the Germans have long known it as *Geopolitik*) of this 'cradle of conflict'—to use the expressive image of Owen Lattimore. They have been taken from various pamphlets, handbooks, and special monographs, and considerable use has been made of the *Manchuria Year Book* (1932–33 issue) and the very elaborate *Third Report on Progress in Manchuria to 1932*, published by, or in close coöperation with, the gigantic, billion-yen, Japanese-owned and controlled South Manchuria Railway Company.

AREA AND POPULATION. Manchuria, which the Chinese among themselves prefer to call *K'ou Wai*, or *Tang K'ou Wai*, meaning in a general sense, 'outside the passes,' comprises the four provinces of Liaoning, Kirin, Heilung-kiang, and Jehol. Together these are conservatively estimated to contain about 460,000 square miles—ten times the size of Pennsylvania and three times that of Japan proper. This huge territory adjoins Soviet Russia on the north along the Amur River; Inner and Outer Mongolia on the west; maritime Siberia and Korea on the east; and on the south its 'bottle-neck' coast line of about 975 miles has two ports, Antung and Dairen. As the former town is within the 'railway zone' and the latter within the Kwantung leased territory (of about 1,360 square miles), both under complete Japanese domination, it is not difficult to appreciate the irony of Manchukuo's widely publicized 'independence.'

The population of Manchukuo, according to the first 'official' census taken by the Statistics Bureau, is estimated at about 31,000,000—an average density of 70 to the square mile, as compared with 450 in Japan and about 50 in the United States. Ninety per cent of this population is Chinese, much of it the result of a deliberate immigration policy fostered by Japan and the South Manchuria Railway Company. The Japanese number a little over 200,000, most of whom are engaged in industrial, administrative, and professional activities. There are nearly 800,000 Koreans, who are officially regarded as Japanese subjects, and the foreign population is 137,000, chiefly Russians, White and Soviet. Nearly 90 per cent of the Japanese reside either in the leased territory or along the railway zone. This looks like good support for the official Japanese theory of Manchukuan autonomy until we realize that of the total value of goods imported into Manchuria in 1930 about 75 per cent represented Japan's share. Furthermore, all goods passing into Manchuria from outside sources are required to pay duty at the Manchukuo Custom House at Dairen, in the operation of which 'Japan has an important voice,' as the *Manchuria Year Book* modestly puts it.

AGRICULTURE AND FARMING. Of the total area of Manchuria only 22 per cent, or about 65,000,000 acres, are believed to be cultivable; of this slightly more than 37,000,000 acres are actually being utilized at the present time; and

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15,000,000 people are dependent upon agricultural pursuits for their living. That it is a very bare living despite the extraordinary richness of the soil in many districts (some farmers along the Sungari River in the North are reported to have worked their plots for forty years without using a pound of fertilizer) is shown by the fact that little more than 3,000 Japanese have adopted farming as an occupation, because even the Japanese farmer balks at the incredibly low standard of living that prevails among Chinese and Korean farmers. This is another reason why Chinese immigration is encouraged: nearly 3,000,000 new settlers have been added to the population of Manchuria since 1923. 'Their low wages,' states the East Asiatic Bureau, 'and their docility in accepting longer working hours make Chinese labor the most satisfactory and profitable in the world.'

The principal crops of Manchuria are the soja bean, kaoliang, millet, maize, wheat, and rice. Of the first, one of the great staple foods of the Orient, Manchuria is the largest producer, yielding over 60 per cent of the world's annual harvest, most of which is exported to Japan. Japan, indeed, consumes nearly half of the total agricultural production of the territory and is actively engaged in fostering the large-scale development of industries dependent upon these products, such as bean-oil and flour mills, sugar refineries (for the increasing sugar beet cultivation), tobacco factories, and textile plants for hemp, flax, and wild 'tussah' silk. The live-stock industry is not neglected: in 1930 Manchuria was estimated to contain nearly 22,000,000 head of cattle, horses, sheep, and other domestic animals; an Animal Disease Research Institute established at Mukden in 1925 by the South Manchuria Railway Company has made considerable progress toward improving the animal husbandry of the region. Here also Japan is one of the principal beneficiaries, importing annually large quantities of animal and pasture products, notably leather, hides, bones, tallow, and live poultry.

Manchurian forests are estimated to contain nearly 150 billion cubic feet of marketable timber, scattered over an area of over 80 million acres. The fisheries off the southern coast increased production from 1,400 metric tons in 1905 to over 4,000,000 metric tons in 1930.

MINERAL RESOURCES in Manchuria, although by no means as extensive as those of Russia, North America, or Western Europe, are vitally important for the future industrial development of Japan, which has to import well over half of its iron ore, zinc, lead, aluminum, and a generous proportion of its iron and steel products. Iron deposits estimated to contain upward of 700,000,000 metric tons are found in Liaoning Province, where the great Anshan Iron Works (Japanese owned) produced 288,433 metric tons of pig iron in 1930. It is known, however, that the ore is of very poor grade (averaging 40 per cent of iron) and requires large quantities of fuel per unit of production. In 1930 the cost of operation was over six times that of the year 1916—despite the fact that the Chinese workers employed receive about 40 cents for a working day of ten or eleven hours. To improve the iron and steel situation the South Manchuria Railway Company is developing a project, capitalized at 100,000,000 yen, for the production of from 500,000 to 1,000,000 tons of steel annually. This will have its effect upon the present Japanese steel shortage of some 800,000 tons per year and also contribute about 300,000 tons of ammonium sulphate, used alike in the fertilizer and explosives industry.

Coal in Manchuria is estimated to run to over two billion tons. The largest single deposit is at the Fushun collieries just east of Mukden. These are controlled entirely by Japan and yield about 7,000,000 metric tons annually. Other coal mines bring the total coal production of Manchuria up to a little over 10,000,000 metric tons—

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about a third of the annual production in Japan proper but hardly enough to satisfy United States consumption requirements (at the depressed 1932 level) for two weeks.

Oil shales of the Fushun district are estimated at over five billion metric tons; on the assumption of a 4 per cent petroleum content this would yield a total of about 5,000,000 tons of 'crude.' This is equivalent to 35,000,000 barrels, or less than one-twentieth the 1932 production from American wells. Of other mineral products Manchuria has small or negligible supplies.

RAILWAYS AND COMMUNICATIONS in Manchuria represent about the best that the whole of China has to offer —which is not saying much, as there are less than 12,000 miles of operating road in all its 4,000,000 square miles. Of this Manchuria has 3,800 miles, including a few poorly constructed light railways, or less than one-third the length of Japanese lines. On the basis of miles of line per thousand square kilometres (386 square miles) Manchukuo has about 3 miles, against 30 in Japan, 50 in the United States, 85 in England, and two-thirds of a mile in China. Of roads and highways (excluding Jehol Province and sections in towns and villages) there are about 8,000 miles, and virtually all of these are impassable in the spring and summer months on account of mud and ruts.

Of the nineteen distinct railway lines ranging in length from nine to over a thousand miles, the two most important are the Chinese Eastern, which serves North Manchuria and has become the prize bone of contention between Japan and Soviet Russia, and the South Manchuria Railway which runs from Dairen to Changchun with branches to the port of Antung and other southern districts. Japanese capital, amounting to nearly 300,000,000 yen, is invested in the South Manchuria Railway property, which with auxiliaries—harbors, mines, docks, iron mines, and so forth—earned nearly 22,000,000 yen in 1931. Loans from Japan also helped to build five other short lines between the years 1912 and 1927, and plans, open or concealed, are vigorously going forward for the development of roads that will have immense commercial and strategic importance for Japan—notably, routes leading from Tsitsihar to Sahalian on the northeastern Soviet border, and from Changchun to the Korean port of Sienchin. A principal objective is to drain away from Vladivostok and other Russian terminals the lion's share of the rich commercial traffic that is fed to the Chinese Eastern Railway.

ELECTRIC POWER, whether for transport, industry, or domestic use, is still poorly developed in Manchuria where flat country makes the use of water power impossible. In the district covered by the South Manchuria Company there are now twenty-seven electric enterprises, twenty-four of which supply power for commercial uses and three for electric railways. A total of 376,262,047 kilowatt hours of electricity was supplied in this district in 1930, a gain of nearly threefold since 1924, but still only about one-two-hundredth of the amount generated in the United States by public utility companies in the same year. Much of this power was utilized by a generous proportion of the 847 factories distributed in the Kwantung leased territory and along the railway zone, aggregating over 300,000,000 yen capitalization, with a total payroll in 1930 of 36,654 workers, mostly Chinese, who work on the average an hour and a half more per day than the Japanese, but at smaller wages.

IMMIGRATION OF THE CHINESE into Manchuria is one of the keystones of Japanese policy with regard to the territory, despite the alarmist position taken by Baron Tanaka in his notorious 'Secret Memorandum' of 1927. For some years the South Manchuria Railway has en-

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couraged the migration of restless or destitute Chinese into the 'land of opportunity' with such good results that in the eight years ending in 1930 nearly three million (approximately half of the total migration in that period) were permanently settled there and available for the heavy labor of farm, mine, and factory. Civil war in China, famine, flood, and dreams of security in the once 'forbidden land' of the Manchus, plus the low fares and glowing promises of the South Manchuria Railway, contributed to this remarkable mass movement of a people. Unfortunately, very little of the resulting gain was theirs, as the following extract from the *Manchuria Year Book* shows:—

'Chinese coal-miners employed in the Fushun colliery are paid on an average 70 sen in hsiaoyang silver per day, but if they take meals in the dining rooms operated by the colliery about 11 sen a day is sufficient. . . . They work under the "patao" or gang-chief system, a sort of contract system.' The sen, at par, is a little less than half a cent, which means that for ten or eleven hours of grinding physical labor the Chinese miner will receive from five to thirty cents, with an outside maximum of forty cents. The same rates prevail in most of the factories and shops of the South Manchuria Railway. Monthly wages of Chinese workers range from $7 to $15, and in nearly every case the wage earner has from one to four relatives dependent upon him.

Koreans, although nominally Japanese subjects, do not fare much better. Most of the 768,000 now settled in Manchuria devote themselves to farming, rice being the principal crop. But this, according to W. M. Holmes in his pamphlet *An Eye-witness in Manchuria*, 'does not mean that they are eating rice.' That valuable grain is intended for the consumption of the Japanese and a scattering of well-to-do natives or aliens; the farmers, like most of the Chinese coolies, depend upon kaoliang, a kind of rough grain of the sorghum type, which is also the prime foodstuff for horses and cattle.

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS in Manchuria, as they affect the vast bulk of its population and as they have been briefly summarized above, give special point to some remarks by Owen Lattimore, who possesses considerable first-hand knowledge of Manchuria, Mongolia, and Chinese Turkestan. Writing in his latest book, *Manchuria: Cradle of Conflict*, on the position of the Japanese in this region, he states:—

'Now the chief bar to possible Japanese colonization in Manchuria is usually said to be the standard of living, and this, though not the whole truth, is pretty close to the mark. The fact is that there is an unmistakable psychological inhibition on the part of the Japanese, which is itself a cause, more than a result, of the standard of living. In Japan, as in England, the supply of emigrants, in spite of the surplus population, is not so large as the state would like it to be.

'Omitting colonization, they have reached the exploiting "colonial" stage. Their instinct now is to control policy and exploitation in "spheres of interest" and "colonies" with non-Japanese populations in preference to transplanting their own population. In this lies the final and most convincing proof of the now characteristically western style of Japanese civilization.'

Many of us will agree with his final opinion that 'the underlying struggle in Manchuria is, and will be throughout the century, caused by the conflicting migration of cultures and peoples and the effort of cultures to assert themselves over peoples. In such a struggle, generals and statesmen are the accidents of history . . .'

Accidents, we may add, for which most drastic preventive measures are urgently required—and not in Manchuria alone.

—HAROLD WARD

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Confusion Worse Confounded

ROGER NATHAN, the chief financial writer on the staff of the *Europe Nouvelle*, has been trying to convince the French public that Roosevelt's hostility to the bankers underlies all his policies and that the United States is in the throes of revolution. Here is the way M. Nathan's argument goes:—

We West Europeans, accustomed as we are to think of banks as credit establishments,—and in France and England these establishments have no doubt conceived of their rôle as ministering to the general interest,—cannot understand the hatred that the banker has inspired among the peasants of western America. Over there he appears as one who trafficks in illusions, as the man who forced the farmer to borrow and deluded him with a rosy picture of the future only to gouge large interest payments from him. There was a time when the United States regarded the banker as the man responsible for the boom-time inflation, the inflation that was symbolized by the yachts that only the financiers and captains of industry could afford to build, while the poor people were left with nothing but their tears.

The excesses of the big American capitalists, their cynicism, as revealed in the Senatorial investigations, provided the groundwork on which President Roosevelt has proceeded. Basing his policy on the emotions that were aroused in the popular mind, he has encouraged class consciousness of a kind, and the economic reform that he has often discussed is primarily a social revolution.

At any rate, the peasants and workers have interpreted Roosevelt's economic measures as a part of this revolution. They believe that the main objective of the President is to rid them of the banker, whom they identify with the gangster, and to do away with the type of employer that is so familiar in Europe, the man with no respect for loyalty or law, who exploits the poor. Since the banker was the man of money, the idea is to forbid money as much as possible, and the popular imagination has thus conceived of a direct exchange of products with the state serving as intermediary, distributing agricultural products to the workers, and giving the farmers in exchange machines, automobiles, and all the other products of the factories.

What difference does it make what Roosevelt's real economic policies are? What matters as far as we are concerned is their emotional basis and sentimental tone. President Roosevelt is maintained by the enthusiasm of the masses because he symbolizes in the eyes of the workers and peasants a revolution of the little fellow against the big one, a revolution of the individual against the enormous trusts. One can imagine what frenzy this arouses in the popular masses of a country where the very idea of the individual did not exist up to a year ago because of the religion of the standardized citizen. Moreover, this is why the revolution of the little fellow is not creating democracy but class warfare.

If I have dwelt on the underlying reasons for Roosevelt's actions, it is because we can interpret his monetary measures only by understanding this basis. In spite of popular enthusiasm, the efforts of the administration have resulted in a series of failures ever since April. Billions of dollars have been thrown away, and it will be impossible to continue pouring out more and more money without ruining the national finances.

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Precisely in so far as Roosevelt's plans do not succeed, he is forced to aggravate his actions. That is the significance that I discern in the measures that he is demanding from Congress.

In Roosevelt's opinion the first result of his programme will be that the national government will profit from the revaluation of the dollar because gold will be retained in the Treasury. This is quite natural, and similar action was taken in every other country that devaluated its currency. He has declared that most of the sum will go to create a fund to prevent speculation on the dollar and that the rest will go to the Treasury to meet current expenditures. The impression of stability will then be used to persuade people to subscribe to bonds that will have to be absorbed rapidly by the general public, since the banks already have more than their share of government paper.

The second result will be that, after the gold has been taken from the banks of issue and impounded in the Treasury, the latter will possess the necessary base to issue money itself whenever the President desires. If the Federal Reserve Banks hesitate to carry through the President's policy they will be menaced even more severely. A decree will be issued that the government will print all money, that it will determine the quantity of money that is issued, fix the interest rates, arrest gold hoarders, and decree what financial and commercial operations will be allowed.

The third result will be that by putting two billion dollars into an equalization fund President Roosevelt will inform Great Britain and France of his intention to sell dollars, which is infinitely more difficult than he believes, against pounds and francs, which he will convert into gold and retain for business reasons. Everyone knows that the United States has a favorable trade balance. Therefore, the country does not need to send any money abroad to settle its commercial debts. It simply wants to create trouble for countries that have remained faithful to a stable or stabilized currency. In any case, it wants to threaten them and force them to negotiate the conditions under which it would be disposed to embark with them on a managed currency adventure.

This is enough. I hope that I have at least indicated the general outlines of the Roosevelt revolution. More than any country in the world the United States has accepted an abstract conception of bookkeeping. It has succumbed to a deceptive mirage of credit, and its imaginative emotions have aroused grandiose hopes in the people. Thus their abstract idea of the individual has caused them to accept another abstraction, another mirage—that a world may exist from which credit will be exiled, and they have fallen prey to the emotion aroused by the idea of complete stability. How will it end? In an enormous State Socialism that will ignore the individual. Spirit of Hegel, are you satisfied? Certainly we are witnessing the succession of thesis and antithesis, but we cannot see the sign of a synthesis appearing anywhere.

The Advertising Terror

PETER FLEMING, author of *Brazilian Adventure*, has written a blood-curdling description of American advertising in the London *Spectator*. He had the misfortune to spend several days on a transcontinental express with nothing to read but Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* and the popular magazines in the observation car. Here is his account of what happened to him:—

Everyone knows—though it is doubtful whether any understand—the principles on which American magazines are assembled or put together. You open them. You are instantly attracted by the illustrations to a story. Probably it is called

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'Love Comes Late,' by Evangeline Grossfoot Putz, and an editorial note assures you that, while it will appeal particularly to the middle-aged, the young will like it just as well; or else it is called 'Dawning-Time,' by Delia Olssen Dufflebury, and a similar note points out that, although Miss Dufflebury is here concerned primarily with a boy-and-girl romance, her art reaches out to touch the heartstrings of more mature readers. Either way, it sounds as if you were pretty safe. You begin to read. The world around you becomes suffused with a pinkish light. You read with absorption, picking your way carefully in and out of the far-flung illustrations. After some 2,000 words in Miss Putz's or Miss Dufflebury's inimitable (at least, I would n't care to have to imitate them) style, you reach the bottom of the page. Eagerly you turn over, only to find yourself faced with an article called 'Dope Kings I Have Known.'

This gives you a nasty jar. The world resumes its normal color. Your heartstrings cease to throb. You turn back and discover that the story you were immersed in is continued on page 128. You turn to page 128. But now you are in the region—the lurid and terrifying region—of the advertisements. From every page a face stares out at you, haggard, tragic, haunted. Beautiful girls with tortured eyes wonder Why He Never Asked Her For A Second Dance. Neat young wives ask themselves What Makes Bob So Cold These Days. The furrowed brows of spruce young business men who have been smoking the wrong cigarette, drinking the wrong kind of coffee, betray the imminence of a nervous breakdown. Elderly men are shown in the process of losing their grip or their hair. Babies, excoriated by the wrong kind of underwear, sickened by the wrong patent food, howl their anguish at the camera. Panic, irritation, and decay stalk through the advertisements.

You cannot ignore them. The pictures are too large and too dramatic. In vain I tried not to notice their doomed protagonists; in vain I averted my eyes from the diagrams that showed in loathsome detail what was happening to their feet, their teeth, their livers, and their scalps.

I felt myself seized by a growing terror. In the privacy (if you can call it that) of my Pullman berth I lay racked with anxiety. Quite quickly I lost all hope. If only they had warned me earlier. . . . Now it was too late. My diet was disastrously wrong; that breakfast food that alone could prevent you from Letting Down The Corporation—why, I had never even heard of it. My collars were not in the least like those on which every successful business career had, it appeared, been founded. I preferred not to think about my teeth. I knew now that I was suffering from Business Strain, Athlete's Foot, and Superfluous Hair. I was pretty sure I smelt awful.

I held, for reasons that have been stated, little converse with my fellow passengers; nor, indeed, was it conceivable that they should wish it otherwise, seeing the abject and horrible condition I was in. Watching them wistfully from a distance as I sat in the observation car, I marveled at the nonchalance with which they turned the terrifying pages of those eternal magazines. That writing on the wall meant nothing to them. They were all, I could only presume, safe. No lovely girls turned from them with a shudder, no magnates found them wanting in a crisis, there was nothing the matter with their feet. They were, practically speaking, Perfect Men; and I, the representative (yes, that must be it) of a lower type of civilization, was decaying before their very eyes.

Well, as least I could show them that a Britisher knew how to decay. I drew from my pocket Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, laid it on my lap, closed my eyes, and awaited the end with what fortitude I could muster.

'I told you so,' said my neighbor to his friend ten minutes later. 'See that book he's reading? He's an Italian. I told you so. . . .'

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New York's Motor Show through German Eyes

WRITING from New York for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Wilhelm Schrage describes the recent automobile show as follows:—

In Europe such an exposition is a real festive occasion, but here, in the United States, people are not backward in devising means to persuade the visitors to buy. It is not that great use is made of advertising placards, which are just as stereotyped and uniform as they are in Europe. Indeed, it might be said that you see more advertisements in a Berlin automobile show than you do in New York. This is due to the fact that the New Yorker is saturated with advertisements and must, therefore, be worked on by other means. Every factory chooses one particular model it has produced. It is displayed as the hit of that factory and is whooped up for the benefit of the more or less innocent visitor as the best and most beautiful, indeed the only real car on display.

The model that is selected as the hit is placed on a big, slowly rotating platform that stands about a foot above the floor level. A railing surrounds the platform, and lights play on the automobile from every side. But this is not enough. A flood of colored lights—red, green, yellow, and violet, mingled in wild confusion—pour down on the automobile from above. The greenhorn finds this in somewhat poor taste, but the New Yorker, who has been subjected all his life to the most blatant advertising methods imaginable, finds it very, very beautiful.

Now comes the crowning touch. An advertising demagogue stands on a speaker's platform above the crowd and above the rotating automobile and describes to the public the technical advantages and qualities of the car that is being displayed. The way this man presents his advertising talk is a high form of art in itself. He speaks so earnestly and interestingly that he seems like a professor from one of the American universities. But even the richest American university could not afford such an expensive professor, for an advertising speaker receives between one and two thousand dollars a day. These fellows understand their work to the last detail. Most of them have collaborated with scientific writers and have spent weeks preparing their manuscript. But the assembling of the material, the presentation, and the insertion of occasional jokes during the speech are the work of the speaker himself. He focuses his attention on the surrounding audience, and one cannot but admire the extraordinary knowledge of human nature these demagogues of advertising possess.

But the automobile makers need more than speakers to advertise their products. On each revolving platform beside the automobile stand two particularly beautiful girls who spend all day riding on this merry-go-round. They wear the uniforms of pages. Their costumes are hermetically sealed from their ankles to their necks and they fit so tightly that no one can be in doubt as to what they contain. With brilliantly manicured fingernails these young ladies point out all the interesting details of the automobile as the speaker calls attention to them. Their work also includes making eyes at the public, so that quite frequently little family scenes occur around the railing. Married women who know the advertising tricks of American firms do not care to have their husbands go to the automobile show alone. But anyone who believes that these young ladies are trying to captivate the hearts of any of the visitors is making a great mistake. Almost all of them are daughters of respectable households who are taken home each evening by their families. During the lunch hour they make no dates but spend the time with specially selected chaperones. Their eager glances and their provocative bearing are simply used to encourage more sales. All this is nothing but 'business.'

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WITH THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

TWO recent communications from members of our Advisory Council deserve reproduction here. This letter from Mr. S. H. Bush of the Department of Romance Languages in the State University of Iowa warms our heart—and, we hope, will not unduly inflame our head:—

'I am sending my check for my subscription to THE LIVING AGE. I have been for years a reader of your magazine, which is taken by our club. You invited me to become a member of your Advisory Council and I was glad to accept, but I only now subscribe. I do so because I find THE LIVING AGE the best magazine in America for its foreign news and analyses of the world situation—among the monthlies. I check up on your past articles and find them rarely mistaken. You give the public what one can never find in ordinary American publications—information regarding hidden moves of importance, tendencies affecting national policies, answers to knotty questions of diplomacy. Many of the articles are strongly partisan, but you balance them by partisan articles on the other side. In no other way than by such discussions by partisans can one get at the truth. One can never feel sure that one fully understands the great questions of national policies and conflicts at any given moment, but your magazine makes important contributions, and I subscribe now because I want to support your enterprise.'

THOMAS RUSSELL GARTH, professor of Experimental Psychology in the University of Denver, sends us the following comments on Hitler's persecution of the German Jews:—

'It is evident to the scientific student of race psychology that Germany's attitude toward rival racial groups is a pure case of rationalization. It is like Æsop's story of the wolf and the lamb. In every instance the lamb made a good clean case and refuted the wolf's accusations until the wolf in exasperation ate him up anyway. All racial conflicts can usually be boiled down to this: the unfortunate race is in possession of some economic value, and the stronger greedy race finds some excuse for getting it. Having no just accusation to bring, it falls on one of race difference in worth or quality. Science shows that the difference in mental traits that seem to exist between races is not due to nature but to its product—culture—and may be easily wiped out. But the Nazis disregard such scientific truth and, finding no other objection to such peoples, lay hold of the old outdated one of racial difference. It has been said some people take Shylock, who was never in Palestine, as the typical Jew and pass up the Hebrew Christ, who was never outside of Palestine.'

W. D. ROBBINS, United States Minister to Canada and a member of our Advisory Council, recently urged that the American and Canadian Governments consult each other constantly in working toward recovery. He described the present situation as follows:—

'In looking at the situation that now confronts us we find that the individual to-day turns to his government and says: "I am willing to work. You must give me my share of the nation's work and provide me with my share of its benefits. You have all the means necessary to provide for every citizen of this country. It is up to you to see that it is done."

'To this I would reply that it should be the government's pledge to work this out, following the policy of the good neighbor at home, and the effort of one government to make it possible for a neighboring government to do this for its citizens is part of the policy of the good neighbor in international application.'

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL, president of the Foreign Policy Association and a

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member of our Advisory Council, has dispatched a telegram to Senator Tydings of Maryland urging a revision of the Hawes-Cutting Bill that offers independence to the Philippines. It reads in part:—

'The most unjust provisions of the Hawes-Cutting Act are its quotas and export taxes, which would probably cripple the Philippines' economic system by closing the American market. The act does not give the Philippines a right to make tariff treaties with neighboring countries or even to tax American imports.

'If the United States is to fulfill its mission in the Philippines started thirty-five years ago, it cannot grant freedom upon terms that may throw the islands into economic and social disorder and intensify international friction in the Pacific. The Senate Committee is right in recommending an extension of the Hawes-Cutting Act, but this should be for the purpose of bringing about equitable amendments. The Philippines should be given a system of responsible government at once.'

LEO S. ROWE, director general of the Pan-American Union and a member of our Advisory Council, made the following statement in Santiago, Chile, as he was about to depart for the United States on his way back from the Pan-American Conference at Montevideo:—

'An outstanding characteristic of the conference was its unanimous decision to give economic content to Pan-Americanism. The general desire to eliminate existing obstacles to inter-American trade led to the formulation of principles that, if made effective by the respective countries, will serve to reëstablish inter-American commerce on a firm basis.

'Another important contribution of the conference was its clear, unequivocal declaration against interference by one state in the internal affairs of another.'

ON THE eve of his departure for Paris, where he will resume his ambassadorial duties, Jesse I. Straus, a member of our Advisory Council, expressed enthusiasm for what the Roosevelt administration has accomplished:—

'It is gratifying to be able to report in person to our friends in Europe a measure of recovery in America, which can have far-reaching benefit to affairs on the other side. I have been an eyewitness during the last few months of a steady swift rallying to the standard of the administration—a rallying that is in effect a gigantic constructive peaceful mobilization and that, I believe, totals as creditable an act of national behavior as our country has had a chance to perform in many years.

'Three things, of course, are required in any such forward march: a national emergency, a brave people, and a gallant leader. Our country had all three. The mood of America, so long troubled, is wholesome once more. I could carry no better news abroad.'

DURING the past month the following members have been added to our Advisory Council: Justice S. Price Gilbert of the Supreme Court of Georgia; Dean J. Clark Graham of Ripon College, Wisconsin; John Hubert Greusel, author; Dean Finley C. Grise of Western Kentucky State Teachers College; Harold W. Guest, professor of Economics, Baldwin, Kansas; Professor William D. Henderson of Ann Arbor, Michigan; Professor William S. Hendrix of Columbus, Ohio; Max Henius, chemist of Aalborg, Denmark; Chester L. Jones, director of the School of Commerce at the University of Wisconsin; former Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma; Rear Admiral George H. Rock, U.S.N.; Edward A. Ross, professor of Sociology at the University of Wisconsin; Charles R. Stockard, professor of Anatomy, New York; Frank Lloyd Wright, architect.

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

BAD AUSSEE. March 25, Slalom Ski Races.
BRAND. May 6, Ski Races.
EBENSEE-FEUERKOGL. April 1, Ski Jumping and Slalom Races.
GERLOS. March 18–19, Ski Races.
HOCHSCHNEEBERG. March 25, Ski Races for Women.
KITZBÜHEL. March 15, Ski Races for Golden Chamois Trophy.
LECH ON THE ARLBERG. April 1, Ski Jumping.
NAUDERS. April 2, Ski Races.
OBERGURGL. March 25, Ski Jumping; *April 2*, Slalom Ski Races; *21–24*, Ski Races, Slalom Races, Ski Jumping, Endurance Races.
PATSCHERKOFEL. April 8, Slalom Races.
PLOECKENHAUS. May 6, Ski Races with Austrian Army Team.
REUTTE. April 29, Ski Races.
SANKT-ANTON. March 17–18, Ski Races.
VIENNA. March 15, Concert with Piano Solo by Helmut Hilpert; *April*, Spring Art Exhibition at Burggarten; *April–May*, Spring Art Exhibition at Kuenstlerhaus; *April 1, 8, 15, 22, 29*, Spanish Riding School Performances; *3*, Symphony Concert; *14–15*, Men's Fencing Matches for Austrian Championship; *26–29*, Wiener Golf Club Tournament; *May 15*, Derby; *11–30*, International Golf Tournament.

Egypt

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. March 15, Independence Day; *26*, Birthday of His Majesty, King Fuad I.

England

BATH. May 3, Champion Dog Show.
BIRMINGHAM. May 9–10, Alpine Garden Society's Midland Show.
BLACKPOOL. May 7–12, British Championship Dance Festival.
BOURNEMOUTH. March 17, Finish of Royal Automobile Club's International Rally; *April 30–May 5*, Hard Court Tennis Championships of Great Britain.
BRIGHTON. April 12–13, Flower Show; *17–19*, Gypsy Fair.
CHELTENHAM. April 18–19, Steeplechase.
CHESTER. April 26–28, Music Festival; *May 8–10*, Racing.
FOLKESTONE. May 8–10, Racing.
LIVERPOOL. March 23, Grand National Steeplechase.
LLANDUDNO. April 7, Hockey: Wales *v.* Scotland.
LONDON. March 16–17, Racing, Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park; *March 17*, Boat Race: Oxford *v.* Cambridge, from Putney to Mortlake; *20–31*, Exhibition: the Architecture of Transport; *26–May 30*, Art Exhibition at Royal Institute Galleries; *29*, Maundy Money Ceremony at Westminster Abbey; *30*, 'The Messiah,' sung by the Royal Choral Society at Albert Hall; *April 2*, Van Horse Parade at Regent's Park; *3–28*, Ideal Homes Exhibition at Olympia; *7*, Flower Show; *11–12*, International Women's Golf Meet; *12–13*, Flower Show; *14*, Association Football: England *v.* Scotland at Wembley Stadium; *16–21*, Camping Exhibition at Imperial Institute.
MANCHESTER. April 10–21, Beauty, Health, and Fashion Fair; *17–May 5*, Exhibition: Quarter-Century Firms.
NORWICH. March 29–April 2, Tombland Fair; *April 19–21*, Flower Show; *May 9–12*, Norfolk Music Festival.
PLYMOUTH. March 15–24, Music Festival.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON. April 16–September 15, Shakespeare Dramatic Season.

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FINLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. May 12, Snellman Day.

IRELAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. March 17, St. Patrick's Day.
BELFAST. March 24, Hockey: Ireland *v.* England.
DUBLIN. May 2–5, Royal Dublin Society's Agricultural Show; *5*, International Motor Cycle Racing; *7–12*, All-Ireland Music Festival.
LONDONDERRY. May 12, Motor Cycle Racing.
SLIGO. April 2–7, Gaelic Festival.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. April 3, Jimmu Tenno-Sai, commemorating the death of the Emperor Jimmu Tenno.

PARAGUAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. May 14, Independence Day.

PERSIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. March 15, Birthday of His Imperial Majesty, Reza Chah Pahlevi.

RUMANIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. May 10, Independence Day.

RUSSIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. May 1, International Workers' Day.

SCOTLAND

ABERDEEN. March 23–24, Scottish Country Dance Festival; *17–23*, Music Festival.
AYR. March 24, International Cross-Country Championship.
GLASGOW. March 24, Amateur Football: Scotland *v.* England.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. April 14, commemoration of the proclamation of the Republic.

SWITZERLAND

AROSA. March 17–18, Fifth Spring Ski Race; *April 2*, Easter Ski Jumping and Downhill Race.
BASEL. March 24, Symphony Concert; *April 7–17*, Swiss Sample Fair.
BERN. March 18, Exhibition of Paintings, Plastics, and Graphics.
DAVOS. April 2, Easter Competition at the New Bolgen Leap.
ENGELBURG. April 1, Easter Ski Race at Trübsee.
GENEVA. March 16–25, Eleventh International Automobile Show; *17*, Concert by the Orchestra of French Switzerland; *25*, Football Match: Switzerland *v.* Austria; *27*, Concert by English Singers Quartet at Reformation Hall.
GRINDELWALD. March 17–18, Ski Race; *April 6–7*, Excursion of the Ski Club.
LENZER HEIDE. March 18, Last Race of the Ski Club.
MÜRREN. March 30–April 3, Easter Ski-Excursion Week.
NEUCHÂTEL. March 18, Choral Society Concert: Brahms.
SAAS FEE. April 2, Easter Ski Derby.
ST. GALL. March 25, Palm Sunday Concert.
ZÜRICH. March 25, Concert by the Busch Quartet.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

as these can happen that we still believe it quite possible that further trouble in China may cause Japan to move in that direction rather than against Russia.

O. D. RUSMUSSEN has spent many years as a newspaper man in China and has contributed frequently to the nationalist papers there. He is a strong sympathizer with the Chinese people and has little use for foreign imperialists. His description of the daily lives of the Chinese soldiers was recently broadcast in Great Britain.

R. PALME DUTT, son of an Indian father and a Swedish mother, graduated from Oxford during the War with honors in the humanities. He at once threw himself into pacifistic activities and subsequently embraced Communism. He is now editor of the *Labour Monthly*, the foremost organ of Communist theory in Great Britain, and his 'Notes of the Month' from which 'Britain and War' is drawn are generally considered the best political criticism from the Communist point of view in the English language. We have read Mr. Dutt's 'Notes' nearly every month for the past ten years and have always admired their apocalyptical quality and the author's genius for simplification. In a truly critical situation such as the present one, he is at his best.

IF MR. DUTT'S fear of war is as well founded as his fear of Fascism, England may indeed expect the worst. A political correspondent of the mildly Conservative *Observer* describes the progress that Sir Oswald Mosley's Black Shirt movement has made—notably the conversion of Lord Rothermere of the *Daily Mail*. Because Lord Rothermere has picked a great many losers in his time, the Liberal and Labor organs are not inclined to take Sir Oswald's monkeyshines very seriously, but the Hunger March that will have converged on London about the time this issue of the magazine reaches our readers should warn people against taking the reports of England's recovery too seriously.

RUDOLF WITTENBERG'S short story about *Maedchen in Uniform* under the Third Reich is said to be based on a real occurrence. Its topical interest is too obvious to require comment, and the fact that it appeared in one of the émigré publications accounts for its political bias—indeed, if it were not for such émigré publications as the *Sammlung* material of this kind would never reach the public at all.

NOT, perhaps, without reason did Antoine Zischka's new book, *La Guerre Secrète pour le pétrole* (The Secret War for Petroleum) receive scant attention in the French press. It is both a sensational and a well-documented work—we have seen a copy—with a commendatory preface by Francis Delaisi that ought to establish its authenticity. We have translated from the *Sol* of Madrid, the leading Republican journal in Spain, a long summary of M. Zischka's book, which includes allegations concerning the death of President Harding that we hesitated to reproduce. Copies can be obtained from the publishing house of Plon in Paris. Incidentally, M. Zischka's antagonism to the oil magnates of both England and America may be partly accounted for by the fact that France has no substantial petroleum resources except those in Mosul where British interests have long opposed the building of a pipe line to any French port in Syria.

DESMOND MACCARTHY'S essay on the meaning of modern verse is another book review that seemed to us so ambitious that it should be presented as an article. The book under discussion is John Sparrow's *Sense and Poetry* and it covers everybody from e. e. cummings to T. S. ELIOT.

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